

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.
IN VERSE AND PROSE.

WITH
A SELECTION OF EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND
THE ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE
BY DR. JOHNSON.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR NICHOLS AND SON; F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; OTRIDGE
AND SON; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; J. WALKER; R. LEA; J. NUNN;
LACKINGTON, ALLEN AND CO.; J. STOCKDALE; J. CUTHELL; CLARKE
AND SONS; WHITE AND COCHRANE; LONGMAN, HURST, REES,
ORME, AND BROWN; CADELL AND DAVIES; C. LAW; E. JEFFERY;
J. BOOKER; J. AND A. ARCH; BLACK, PARRY, AND KINGSBURY;
S. BAGSTER; J. HARDING; JOHN RICHARDSON; R. SCHOLEY;
J. MAWMAN; J. BOOTH; R. BALDWIN; J. ASPERNE; J. FAULDER;
AND J. JOHNSON AND CO.

1812.

**Styahan and Preston,
Printers-Street, London.**

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

	Page
ESSAY ON MAN, in FOUR EPISTLES:	
EPISTLE I. Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe	5
EPISTLE II. Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Himself, as an Individual	25
EPISTLE III. Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society	41
EPISTLE IV. Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness	57
THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER	77
MORAL ESSAYS:	
EPISTLE I. Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN	85
EPISTLE II. Of the Characters of WOMEN	101
EPISTLE III. Of the Use of RICHES	115
EPISTLE IV. Of the Use of RICHES	137
EPISTLE V. To Mr. Addison, occasioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS	149

	Page
SATIRES AND EPISTLES:	
PROLOGUE to the SATIRES, in an Epistle to Dr. ARBUTHNOT	- 157
SATIRES and EPISTLES of HORACE imitated:	
SATIRES of Horace, Book II. Sat. I.	- 185
Sat. II.	- 193
EPISTLES of Horace, Book I. Ep. I.	- 201
Ep. VI.	- 209
Book II. Ep. I.	- 215
Ep. II.	- 237
The SATIRES of Dr. JOHN DONNE, Dean of St. Paul's, versified:	
Satire II.	- 252
Satire IV.	- 262
EPILOGUE to the SATIRES:	
Dialogue I.	- 287
Dialogue II.	- 297
On receiving from the Right Honourable the Lady FRANCES SHIRLEY, a Standish and two Pens	
	- 309
A Fragment of an unpublished Satire of Pope, intitled One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty	
	- 311

IMITATIONS of HORACE:

The First Book of the Epistles of Horace, Ep. VII.	319
The Second Book of the Satires of Horace, Sat. VI.	323
The Fourth Book of Horace, Ode I.	- 333
The Fourth Book of Horace, Ode IX. A Frag- ment	- 337

AN
ESSAY ON MAN,
IN FOUR EPISTLES
TO
H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

VOL. III.

B

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to men's business and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *man* in the abstract, his *nature* and his *state*; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a

temperate, yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short*, yet not *imperfect*, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose ; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious ; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards : The other may seem odd, but it is true. I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself ; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious ; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning : If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are now to follow. Consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

POPE.

EPISTLE I.

VOL. III.

C

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man in the abstract.—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c.* II. *That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c.* III. *That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c.* IV. *The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c.* V. *The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c.* VI. *The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c.* VII. *That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason: that Reason alone counterwails all the other faculties, ver. 207.* VIII. *How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233.* IX. *The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250.* X. *The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, &c. to the end.*

POPE informs us, in his first preface to this Essay, "that he chose this epistolary way of writing, notwithstanding his subject was high, and of dignity, because of its being mixed with argument which of its nature approacheth to prose." He has not wandered into any useless digressions; has employed no fictions, no tale or story, and has relied chiefly on the poetry of his style for the purpose of interesting his readers. His style is concise and figurative, forcible and elegant. He has many metaphors and images, artfully interspersed in the driest passages, which stood most in need of such ornaments. If any beauty in this Essay be uncommonly transcendent and peculiar, it is brevity of diction; which, in a few instances, and those perhaps pardonable, has occasioned obscurity. On its first publication Pope did not own it, and it was given by the public to Lord Paget, Dr. Young, Dr. Desaguliers, and others. Even Swift seems to have been deceived. There is a remarkable passage in one of his letters: "I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on that occasion; how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: On the second, most of them cleared up,

and his pleasure increased : On the third, he had no doubt remaining, and then he admired the whole."

The subject of this Essay is a vindication of Providence ; in which the poet proposes to prove, That, of all possible systems, Infinite Wisdom has formed the best : That in such a system, coherence, union, subordination, are necessary ; and if so, that appearances of evil, both moral and natural, are also necessary and unavoidable : That the seeming defects and blemishes in the universe conspire to its general beauty : That as all parts in an animal are not eyes ; and as in a city, comedy, or picture, all ranks, characters, and colours are not equal or alike ; even so excesses and contrary qualities contribute to the proportion and harmony of the universal system : That it is not strange that we should not be able to discover perfection and order in every instance, because, in an infinity of things mutually relative, a mind which sees not infinitely, can see nothing fully. This doctrine was inculcated by Plato and the Stoics, but more amply and particularly by the later Platonists, and by Antoninus and Simplicius.

In illustrating his subject, Pope has been much more deeply indebted to the *Theodicée* of Leibnitz, to Archbishop King's *Origin of Evil*, and to the *Moralists* of Lord Shaftesbury, (particularly to the last,) than to the philosophers above mentioned. The late Lord Bathurst repeatedly assured me, that he had read the whole scheme of the *Essay of Man*, in the hand-writing of Bolingbroke, and drawn up in a series of propositions, which Pope was to amplify, versify, and illustrate. In doing which, our poet, it must be confessed, left several passages so expressed, as to be favourable to fatalism and necessity, notwithstanding all the pains that can be taken, and the artful turns that can be given to those passages, to place them on the side of religion, and make them coincide with the fundamental doctrines of revelation.

The doctrine obviously intended to be inculcated in this Essay is, "That the dispensations of Providence in the distribution of good and evil, in this life, stand in no need of any hypothesis to justify them; all is adjusted in the most perfect order; whatever is, is right; and we have no occasion to call in the notion of a future life to vindicate the ways of God to man, because they are fully and sufficiently benevolent and just in the present." If we cannot subscribe, on one hand, to Dr. Warburton's opinion, "that these epistles have a precision, force, and closeness of connection rarely to be met with, even in the most formal treatises of philosophy:" yet neither can we assent to the severe sentence that Dr. Johnson has passed on the other hand; namely, "that penury of knowledge, and vulgarity of sentiment, were never so happily disguised as in this Essay; the reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and, when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse."

WARTON.

The difference between Lord Bolingbroke's system and Pope's is very well stated by Ruffhead:

"Pope's Essay on Man is a real vindication of Providence against libertines and atheists, who quarrel with the present constitution of things, and deny a future state. To these he answers, that *whatever* is, is *right*; and he assigns this reason,—that we see only a part of the moral system, and not the whole: therefore these irregularities serving to great purposes, such as the fuller manifestation of God's goodness and justice, they are *right*."

"On the other hand, Lord Bolingbroke's Essays are a *pretended* vindication of Providence against what he considers an *ingenious* confederacy between *divines* and atheists; who use a common principle, namely, the *irregularities* of God's moral government here, for

different ends and purposes; the one, to establish a *future state*, and the other to discredit the *being of God*. Lord Bolingbroke opposes both *conclusions*, by endeavouring to overthrow the *common principle*, by his friend's maxim, "Whatever is, is right;" not because the present state of our moral world (which is part only of a *general system*) is *necessary* for the *perfection of the whole*, but because our *moral world* is an *ENTIRE SYSTEM OF ITSELF*. In a word, the poet directs his reasonings against atheists and libertines in support of religion; Lord Bolingbroke against divines in support of naturalism. Mr. Pope's argument is manly, systematical, and convincing; Lord B.'s confused, prevaricating, and inconsistent."

It is well known, that M. de Crousaz wrote remarks on the Essay, accusing the author of inculcating "Naturalism." These remarks were answered by Warburton, whose interpretation, as it was adopted by Pope, is here retained. It is plain, that Pope did not in his Essay *intend* to inculcate naturalism; but there are some passages which, notwithstanding all Warburton has done, seem to look that way. It is but fair, however, that he should have that interpretation by which he deliberately wished to abide. The eagerness with which Warburton's explanations were adopted, appears evidently from Pope's letter to him on the subject, in which I have no doubt he spoke the *truth*: "You have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not; you understand me as well as I understand myself, but you express me better than I could myself."

This poem is of the moral and philosophical kind, and is to be classed with the 'Poem of Lucretius,' &c. It has very little resemblance to didactic or preceptive pieces, such as the Game of Chess by Vida,

Boileau's Art of Poetry, Phillips' Cyder, and other poems of the kind, which Warton enumerates. In its cast and character it is almost as different from these, as *they* are of a different rank and character from poems which (as Warton says) "describe events." Its merit is to be estimated from the depth of thinking which it evinces as a philosophical treatise, and from the *propriety* and *beauty* of the language and illustrations which it displays as a poem.

This Essay was translated into Latin verse by J. Sayer.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ; 5
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
 A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ; 10
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise ;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ; 15
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say

VER. 1. *Awake, my ST. JOHN!*] Henry St. John, son of Sir Henry St. John, Baronet, of Lydiard Tregose in Wiltshire, by Mary, second daughter and heiress of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, was born in 1678.

VER. 6. *A mighty maze! but NOT without a plan ;*] In the first edition, it was "a mighty maze, *without a plan.*"

I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs, 25
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason would'st thou
 find, 35

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where

Where all must full or not coherent be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man :
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ? 50

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
 In God's, one single can its end produce ; 55
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god :
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
 Why doing, suff'ring ; check'd, impell'd ; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then

VER. 64.] In the former editions,

Now wears a garland an Egyptian God :
 altered as above for the reason given in the note.

VER. 64. *Egypt's god :*] Called so, because the god *Apis* was
 worshipped universally over the whole land of Egypt.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought : 70
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there ?
 The blest to-day is as completely so, 75
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of
 fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer being here below ? 80
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms

After ver. 68. the following lines in the first edition :

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matters soon or late, or here or there ?
 The blest to-day is as completely so,
 As who began ten thousand years ago.

After ver. 88, in the MS.

No great, no little ; 'tis as much decreed,
 That Virgil's gnat should die, as Cæsar bleed.

VER. 87. *Who sees with equal eye, &c.*] Matth. x. 29.

Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90
 Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast : 95
 Man never Is, but always To be blest.
 The soul, uneasy and confin'd, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ; 100
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ; 110
 But

Ver. 93. 94. In the first fol. and quarto,
 What bliss *above* he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy bliss *below*.

After ver. 108. in the first edit.

But does he say the maker is not good,
 Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd :
 Himself alone high heav'n's peculiar care,
 Alone made happy when he will, and where ?

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou ! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much :
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
If man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there : 120
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine :
" For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;
" Annual for me the grape, the rose renew, 135
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;

Seas

“ Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
“ My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.” 140

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?

“ No (’tis reply’d), the first Almighty Cause 145

“ Acts not by partial, but by gen’ral laws ;

“ Th’ exceptions few ; some change since all began :

“ And what created perfect ?—Why then man ?”

If the great end be human happiness,

Then nature deviates ; and can man do less ? 150

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show’rs and sunshine, as of man’s desires ;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temp’rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not heav’n’s design,

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ? 156

Who knows but He, whose hand the light’ning forms,

Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms ;

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar’s mind,

Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?

From pride, from pride, our very reas’ning springs ;

Account for moral, as for nat’ral things :

Why charge we Heav’n in those, in these acquit ?

In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165

Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;

That never air or ocean felt the wind ;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But ALL subsists by elemental strife ;
 And passions are the elements of life. 170
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man ? Now upward will he
 soar,

And little less than angels, would be more ;
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say, what their use, had he the pow'rs of all ;
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ; 180
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
 All in exact proportion to the state ;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own : 185
 Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone ?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all ?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind ; 190
 No

Ver. 174. *And little less than angels, &c.] Thou hast made him
 a little lower than the angels, and hast crown'd him with glory and
 honour. Psalm viii. 9.*

No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain : 200
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends :
 Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass : 210
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious to the tainted green :

Of

VER. 213. *the headlong lioness*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this : at their first going out in the night-time, they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackall's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by the observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood ?
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew ? 220
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !
 'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier ?
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !
 Remembrance and reflection, how ally'd ; 225
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide ?
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ? 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one ?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go ! 235
 Around, how wide, how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee, 240
 From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours :

Or

VER. 238. Ed. 1st.

Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
From nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and stars run lawless through the sky ;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom ? for thee ?
Vile worm !—oh madness ! pride ! impiety !

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ? 260
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains, 265
The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same :
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame ; 270

Warms

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph, that adores and burns :
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere, 285
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ; 290
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reason, to think of God when she pretends,
 Begins a censor, an adorer ends.

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Himself, as an Individual.

- I. *THE business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature; his Powers and Frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The Limits of his Capacity, ver. 19, &c.*
- II. *The two principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their End the same, ver. 81, &c.*
- III. *The PASSIONS, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The predominant Passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue, ver. 177.*
- IV. *Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident. What is the office of Reason, ver. 202 to 216.*
- V. *How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves in it, ver. 217.*
- VI. *That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to Society, ver. 251. And to Individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.*

EPISTLE II.

I. **KNOW** then thyself, presume not God to scan,

The proper study of mankind is man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise, and rudely great :

With too much knowledge for the sceptic side, 5

With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,

He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;

In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast ;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ; 10

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,

Whether he thinks too little, or too much :

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;

Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;

Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15

Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go,

VER. 2. Ed. 1st.

The only science of mankind is man.

After ver. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear,

In vain we sigh, Heav'n made us as we are.

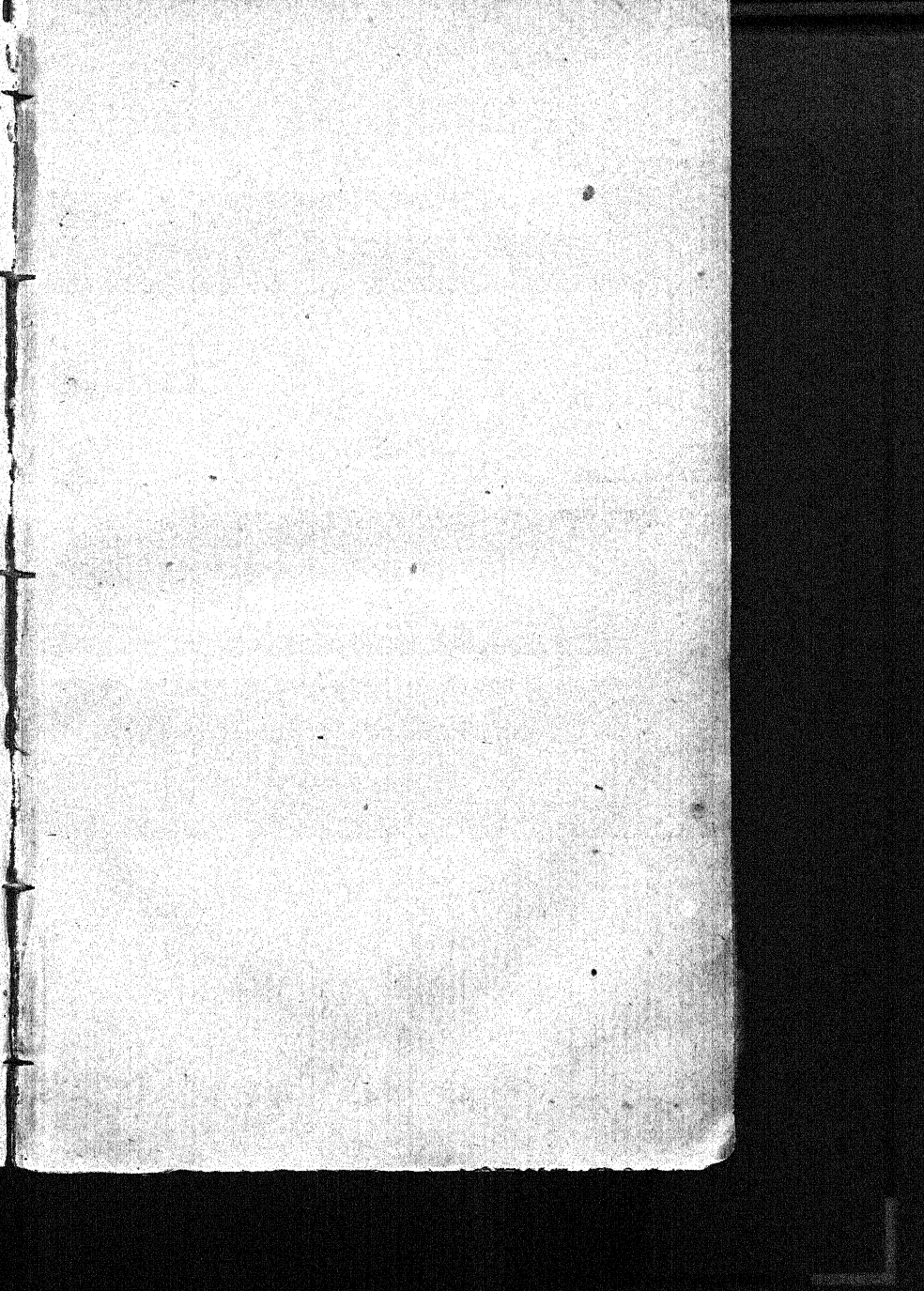
As

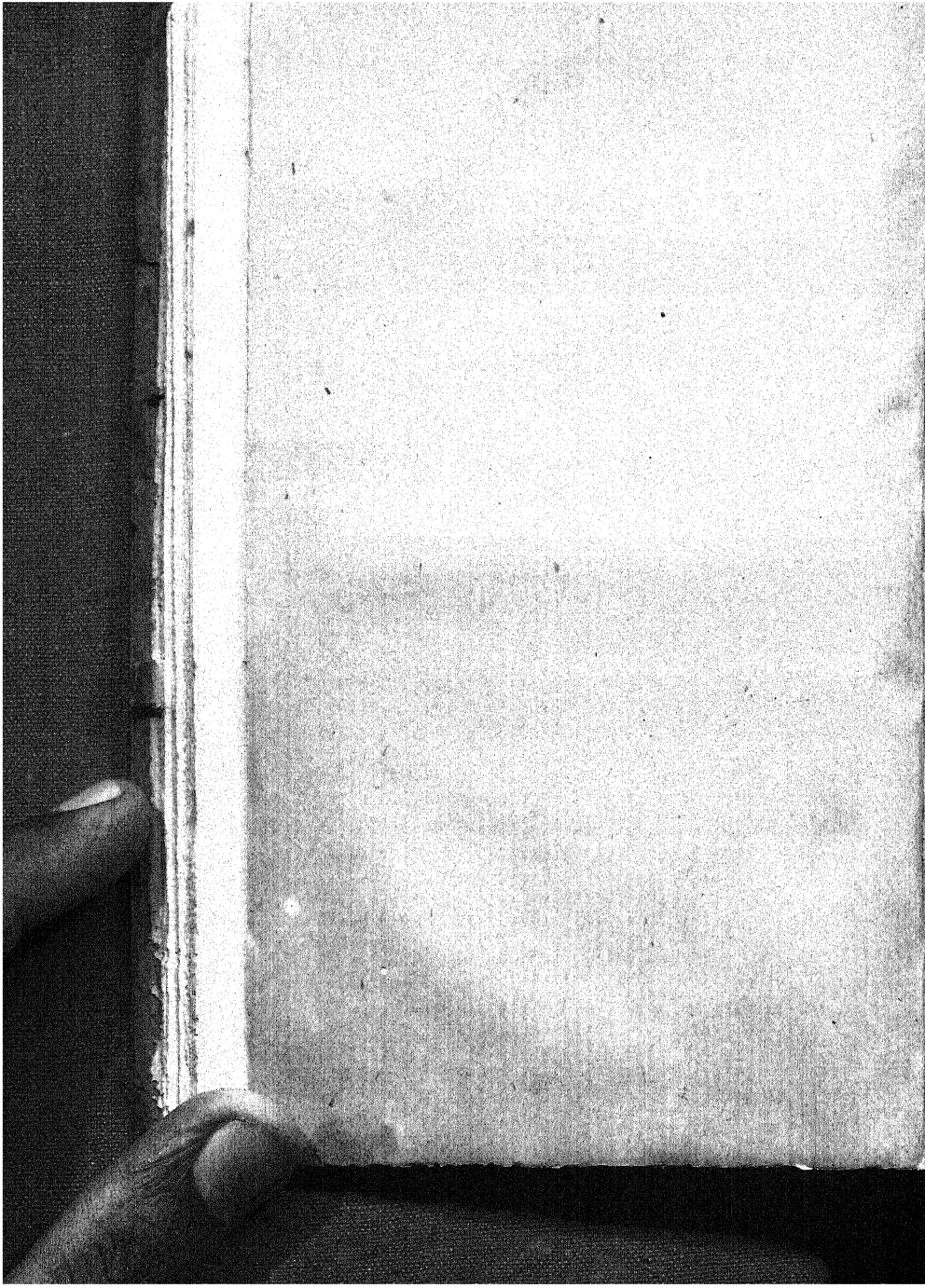
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where science
 guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old time, and regulate the sun:
 Go, soar with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30
 Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal man unfold all nature's law,

As wisely sure a modest ape might aim
 To be like man, whose faculties and frame
 He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
 An angel thing we neither know nor see.
 Observe how near he edges on our race;
 What human tricks! how risible of face!
 It must be so—why else have I the sense
 Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
 Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
 And why this ardent longing for a maid?
 So pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind,
 Till set on end, and married to his mind.
 Go, reas'ning thing! assume the Doctor's chair,
 As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
 Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
 Then drop into thyself, &c. —

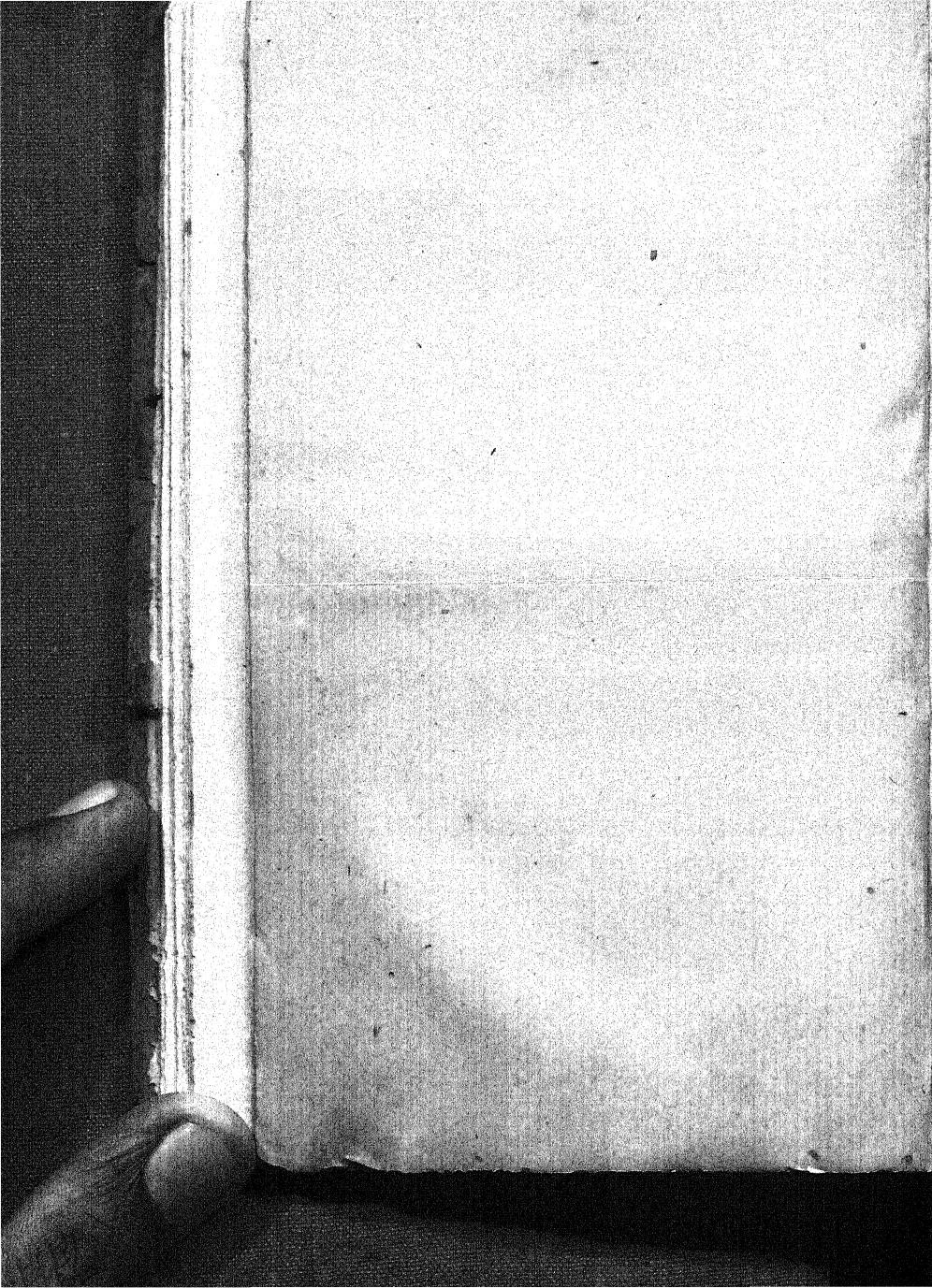
VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets stray;
 Correct old time, and teach the sun his way.

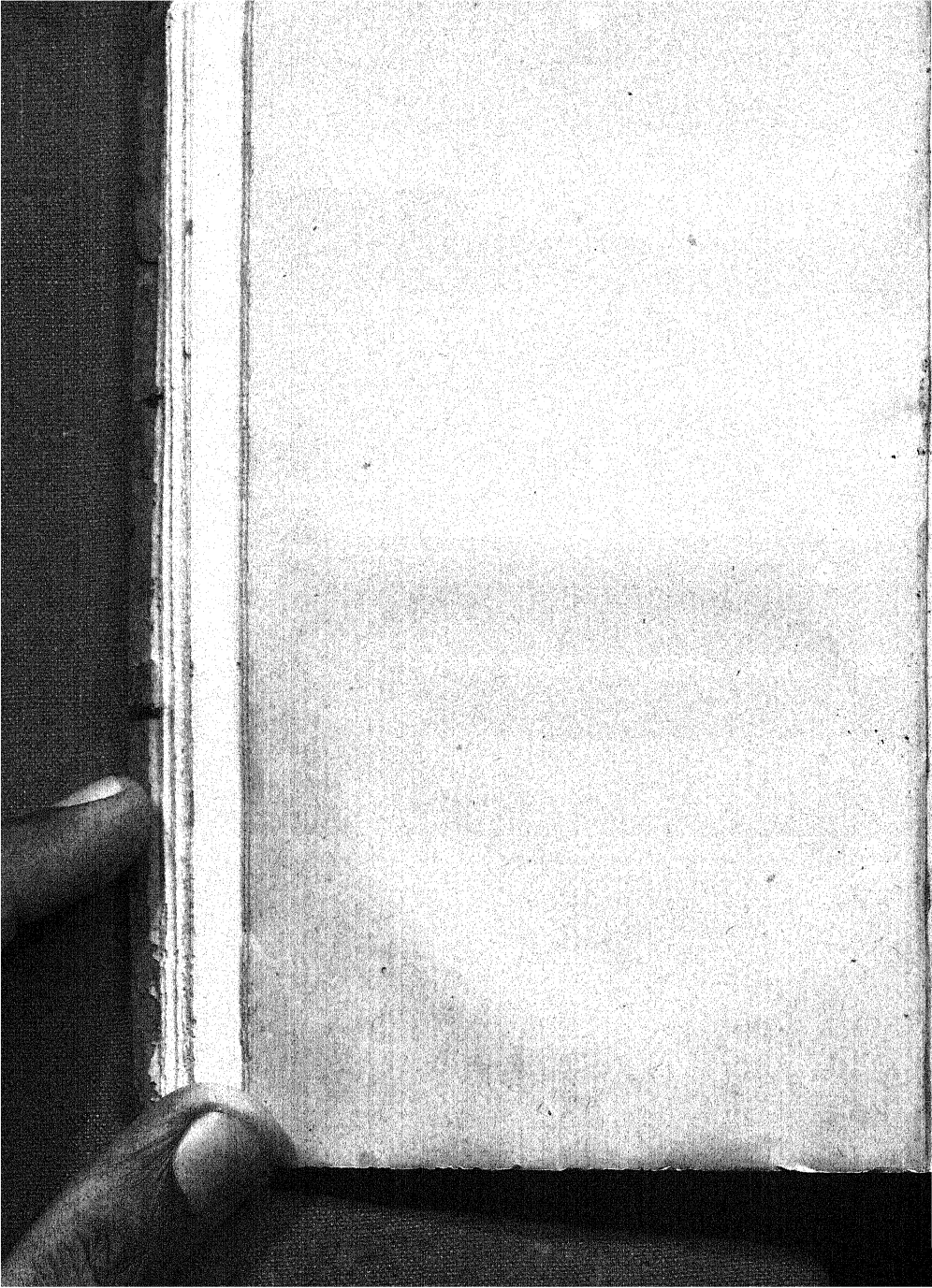




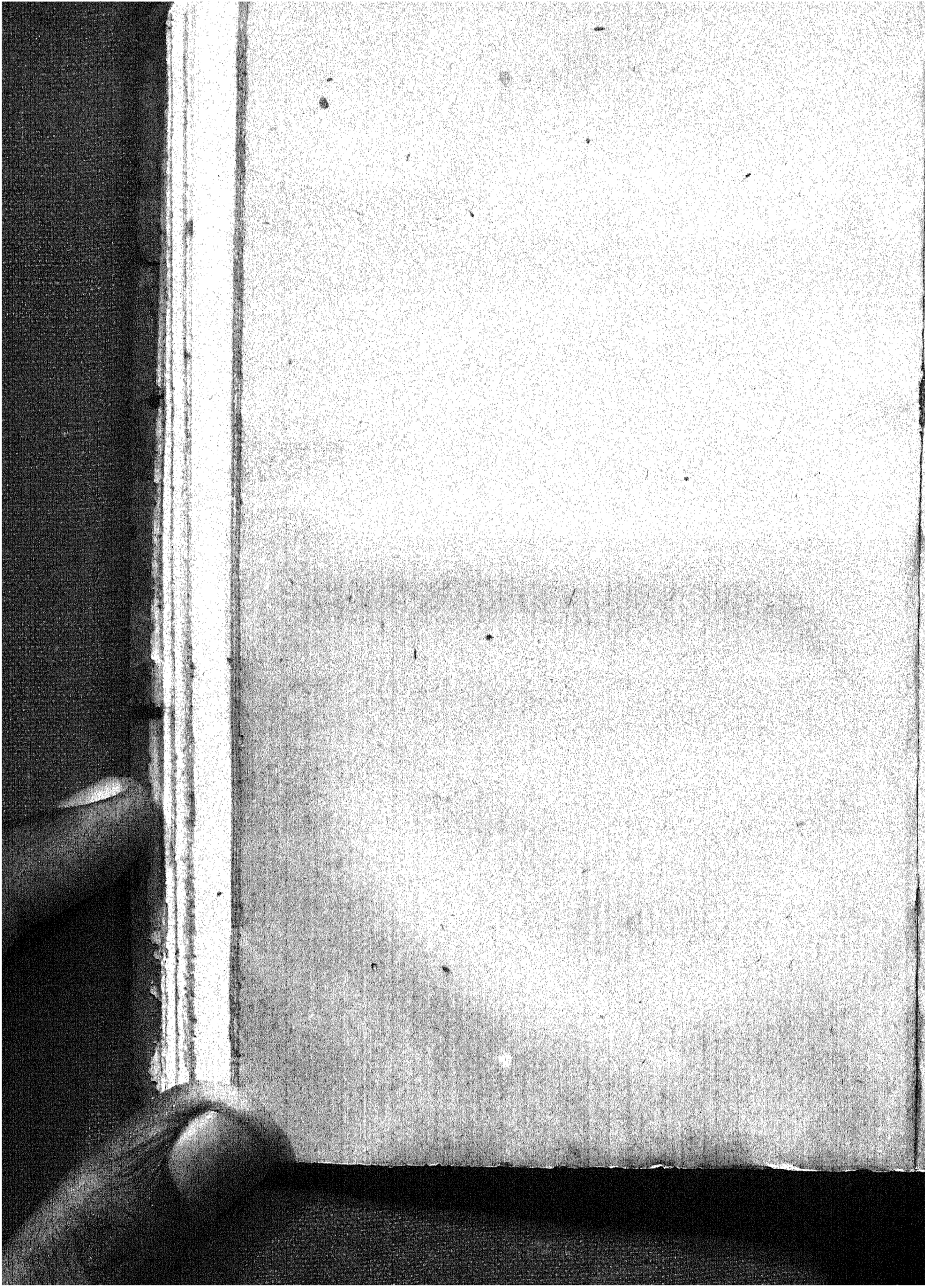




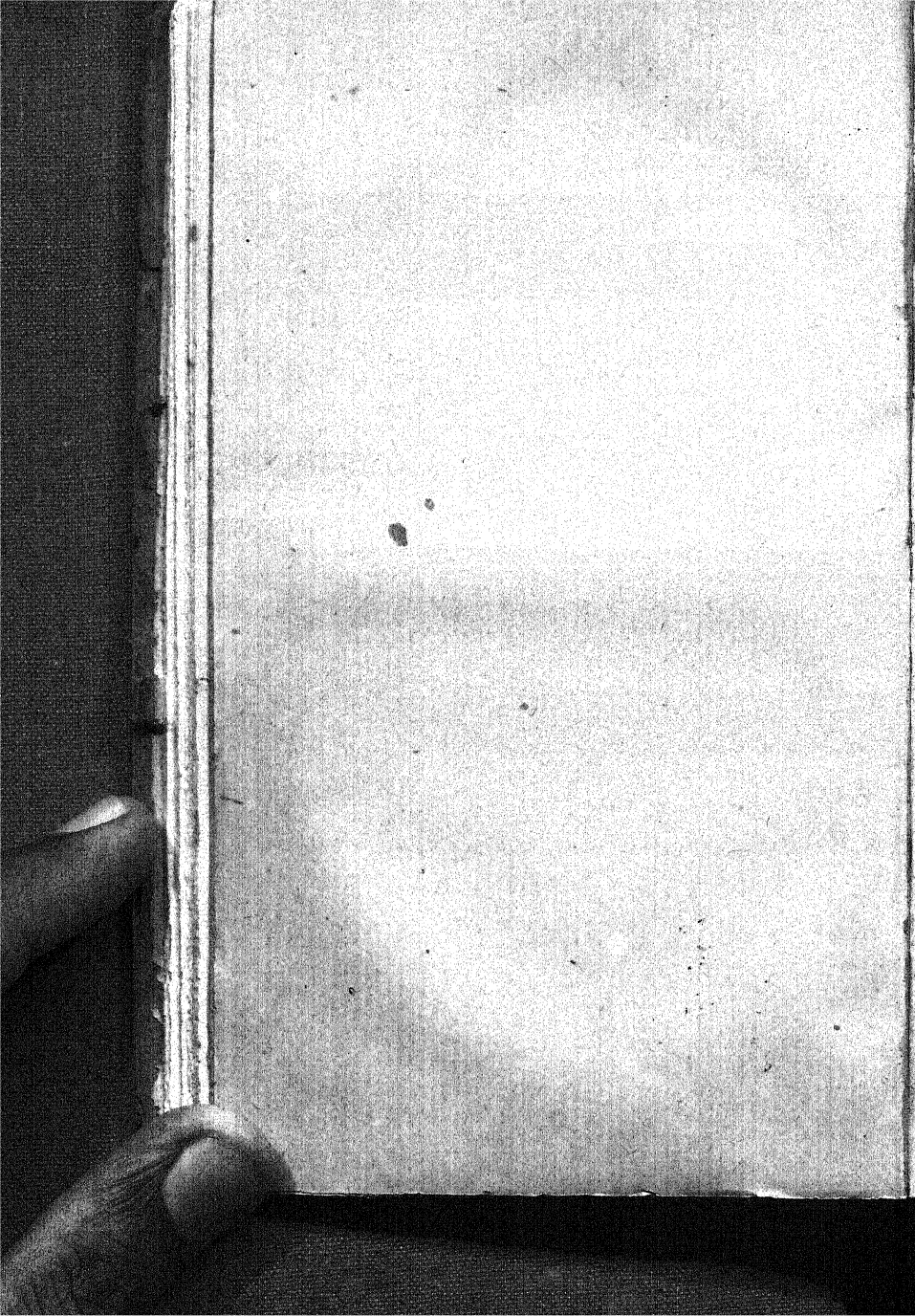






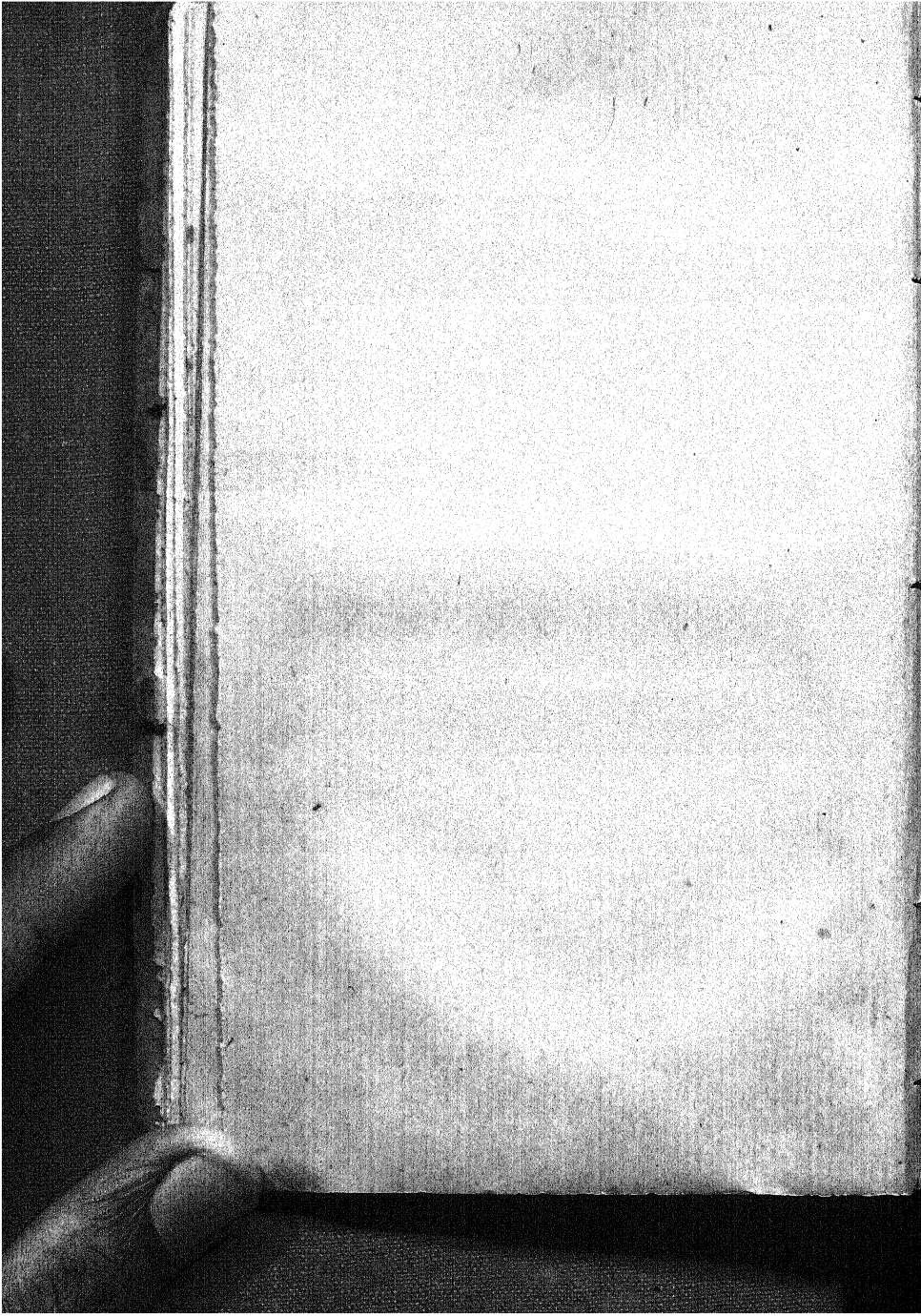




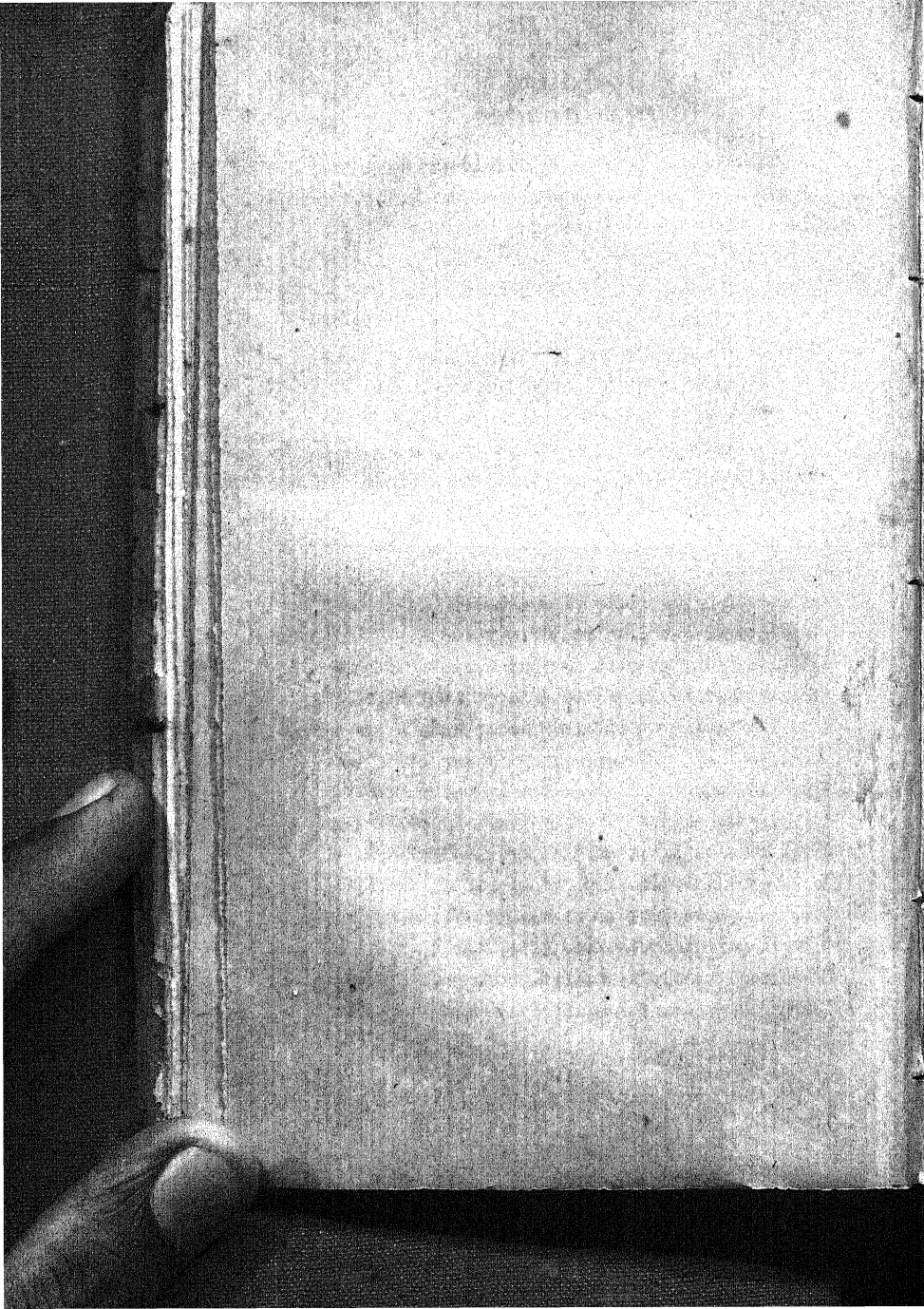












Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
But as he fram'd the whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps, 115
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace!
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;

The

The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care ;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130
 A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love ;
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ; 135
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those : 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly
 The state of nature was the reign of God : [trod ;
 Self-love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of man. 150
 Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint-tenant of the shade ;
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.

In

In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.
See him from nature rising slow to art !
To copy instinct then was reason's part ; 170
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
“ Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
“ Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
“ Learn from the beasts the physic of the field :
“ Thy arts of building from the bee receive ; 175
“ Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
“ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
“ Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
“ Here too all forms of social union find,
“ And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :
“ Here subterranean works and cities see ; 181
“ There towns ærial on the waving tree.
“ Learn

" Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 " The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 " And anarchy without confusion know ;
 " And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate. 190
 " In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle justice in her net of law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
 " And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke ; observant men obey'd ;
 Cities were built, societies were made : 200
 Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.

Did

VER. 197. In the first Editions,

Who for those arts they learn'd of BRUTES before,
 As Kings shall crown them, or as GODS adore.

VER. 201. *Here rose one little state, &c.* In the MS. thus :

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common spot ;
 And love was nature's dictate ; murder, not.
 For want alone each animal contends ;
 Tigers with tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
 Plain nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
 She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
 No treasure then for rapine to invade ;
 What need to fight for sun-shine, or for shade ?
 And half the cause of contest was remov'd,
 When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd,

Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe. 206
Converse and love mankind may strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch
sate, 215

King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd 225
One great first father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one: 230
Ere

Ere wit oblique had broke that steddly light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
LOVE all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ; 235
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God ; and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the work, and counter-work its cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law ;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe, 246
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made :
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ; 255
Fear made her Devils, and weak hope her Gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;

Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
Then first the Flamen tasted living food ; 265
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, through just and through unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust : 270
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
How shall we keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may surprize, a stronger take ?
His safety must his liberty restrain :
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence : 280
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head, or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
POET or PATRIOT, rose but to restore 285
The faith and moral, nature gave before ;

Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
 The less, or greater, set so justly true, 291
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things : 296
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ; 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
 For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ; 305
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity :
 All must be false that thwart this one great end ;
 And all of God, that bless mankind or mend. 310
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;

So two consistent motions act the soul ;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

315

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same,

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of MAN, with respect to Happiness.

I. *FALSE* Notions of Happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 27. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all*, ver. 30. *God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws*, ver. 37. *As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these*, ver. 51. *But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear*, ver. 70. III. *What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage*, ver. 77. *The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune*, ver. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars*, ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest*, ver. 133, &c. VI. *That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, Virtue*, ver. 165. *That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches*, ver. 183. *Honours*, ver. 191. *Nobility*, ver. 203. *Greatness*, ver. 215. *Fame*, ver. 235. *Superior Talents*, ver. 257, &c. *With pictures of human Infelicity in Men possessed of them all*, ver. 267, &c. VII. *That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal*, ver. 307, &c. *That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter*, ver. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!

Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.

Ask

VER. I. *Oh Happiness! &c.*] In the MS. thus:
 Oh Happiness! to which we all aspire,
 Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire:
 That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
 That ease, for which we labour and we die.

Ask of the learn'd the way ? The learn'd are blind ;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ; 20
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
Some swell'd to gods confess, ev'n virtue vain !
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness ?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave ;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ; 30
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, Man, " the universal cause 35
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws :"
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind ; 40
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd :
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :
Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :

Each

Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law ; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,

If all are equal in their happiness :
But mutual wants this happiness increase ; 55

All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;

Bliss is the same in subject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,

In him who is, or him who finds a friend : 60

Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.

But fortune's gifts if each alike possess,

And each were equal, must not all contest ?

If then to all men happiness was meant, 65

God in externals could not place content.

Fortune

After ver. 52 in the MS.

Say not, " Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,

" And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves."

You'll find, when causes and their ends are known,

'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

After ver. 66 in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay :

The rest mad Fortune gives or takes away.

All other bliss by accident's debar'd ;

But virtue's, in the instant, a reward ;

In hardest trials operates the best,

And more is relish'd as the more distress.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear :
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse, 71
 But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
 But health consists with temperance alone ; 81

And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right ?
 Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?
 Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains : 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh

After ver. 92 in the MS.

Let sober moralists correct their speech,
 No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools, the good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust! 100
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
 Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
 What

VER. 99. *See FALKLAND*] His genius, his learning, his integrity, his patriotism, are eloquently displayed by Cowley, as well as by Clarendon.

VER. 100. *See god-like TURENNE*] This great general was killed July 27, 1675, by a cannon-shot, near the village of Saltyback, in going to choose a place whereon to erect a battery.

VER. 104. *Lamented DIGBY*] The Honourable Robert Digby. See Epitaphs.

VER. 107. *Why drew*] M. de Belsance, Bishop of Marseilles. This illustrious prelate was of a noble family in Guienne. In early life he took the vows, and belonged to a convent of Jesuits. He was made Bishop of Marseilles in 1709. In the Plague of that city, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity, being the pastor, the physician, and the magistrate of his flock, whilst that horrid calamity prevailed.

What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall; 115
 Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120
 Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause,
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
 Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be imprest, 125
 Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130
 But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?
 A king-

After ver. 116 in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
 The real source is not in God, but man.

VER. 123. *Shall burning Etna, &c.*] Alluding to the fate of those two great naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Etna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions.

A kingdom of the just then let it be :
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care ; 135
But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell ;
Another deems him instrument of hell ;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God. 140
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too : 146
And which more blest ? who chain'd his country ? say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?
“ But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.”
What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ? 150
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent ; 155
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But

After ver. 142. in some editions,

Give each a system, all must be at strife ;
What diff'rent systems for a man and wife ?

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 "No—shall the good want health, the good want
 pow'r?"

Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing.
 "Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n? 161

Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give:
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand? 166

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: A better would you fix,
 Then give humility a coach and six, 170

Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes, 175

Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind. 180

Rewards,

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
 Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing :
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one ?
To whom can riches give repute, or trust, 185
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just ?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 195
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
" What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ?"
I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool. 200
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunella. 204

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :

But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great. 210
 Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can enoble sots, or slaves, or cowards: 215
 Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
 "Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise; 225
 All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who

VER. 207. *Beast the pure blood, &c.*] In the MS. thus,
 The richest blood, right-honourably old,
 Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
 May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
 Without one dash of usher or of priest:
 Thy pride as much despise all other pride
 As Christ Church once all colleges beside.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead:
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine, 245
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave; 250
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs 255
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260

'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
To see all others faults, and feel our own :
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge :
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand. 266
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account :
Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount ; 270
How much of other each is sure to cost ;
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :
Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall ?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !
If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete !

In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray. 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day?
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
 Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
 "Virtue alone is happiness below." 310
 The

VER. 297. *or sunk in ease,*] In the MS. it was thus:

—— or sunk in years,

· Lost in unmeaning, unrepenting tears.

Meaning the great Duke of Marlborough, who sunk in the latter part of his life into a state of perfect childhood and dotage; as did Lord Somers. Our author always spoke of the Duke with a wonderful degree of acrimony; nay, he once turned into ridicule his sorrow on the death of his only son, the Marquis of Blandford.

The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears : 320
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 331
 But looks through nature, up to nature's God ;
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;

Sees,

After ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal so dispose,
 And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
 'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
 With patience this, with moderation that ;
 And raise his base on that one solid joy,
 Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN. 340.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why nature plants in man alone 345
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find ;)
Wise is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ; 350
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart ? 355
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :

Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity. 360

God loves from whole to parts : But human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.

Self-

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds, 365
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human race ;
 Wide, and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ; 370
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend ! my genius ! come along ;
 Oh master of the poet, and the song !
 And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To man's low passions, or their glorious ends, 375
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe ; 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?

When

VER. 373. *Come then, my friend ! &c.* In the MS thus:

And now transported o'er so vast a plain,
 While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
 While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing she feels,
 Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
 Wilt thou, my ST. JOHN ! keep her course in sight,
 Confine her fury, and assist her flight ?

When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, *WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT*;
That *REASON, PASSION*, answer one great aim; 395
That true *SELF-LOVE* and *SOCIAL* are the same;
That *VIRTUE* only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, *OURSELVES TO KNOW*.

VER. 397. That virtue only, &c.] In the MS. thus:
That just to find a God is all we can,
And all the study of mankind is man.

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

VOL. III.

I

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood, 5
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

20

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

25

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way !

30

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

35

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

40

Mean

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

81

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death !

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

45

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all being raise !
All nature's incense rise !

50

MORAL ESSAYS,
IN FOUR EPISTLES
TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententiâ, neu se
Impediat verbis lassâs onerantibus aures :
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò.

HOR.

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract : Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own Experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of Life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of Action in men, to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own Principle of Action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the Motives from the actions ; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree : The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 141. Education alters the Nature, or at least the Character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ver. 158 to 174. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his RULING PASSION : That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

EPISTLE I.*

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
 Who from his study rails at human kind;
 Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.

The

* *Moral Essays.*] The ESSAY ON MAN was intended to be comprised in four books:

The *First* of which, the author has given us under that title, in four epistles:

The *Second* was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and the parts of them which are useful, and therefore attainable; together with those which are useless, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning; of the science of the world; and of wit; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them; illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The *Third* book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics; in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, so far forth as they affect society; between which the author always supposed there was the closest connection and the most interesting relation. So that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

The *Fourth* and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality; considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated

The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
 Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much. 10
 To

municated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more; and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his own strong and capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra Poetae*, which now remain; it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The *FIRST*, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general, under every one of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the *three* following; so that

The *SECOND BOOK* was to take up again the *first* and *second* epistles of the *first* book; and to treat of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this, only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the *fourth* book of the *Dunciad*; and up and down, occasionally, in the other *three*.

The *THIRD BOOK*, in like manner, was to re-assume the subject of the *third* epistle of the *first*, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an *EPIC POEM*, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The *FOURTH* and last book was to pursue the subject of the *fourth* epistle of the *first*, and to treat of *Elbias*, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which, the four following epistles are detached portions: the *two first*, on the *characters of men and women*, being the *introductory* part of this concluding book.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake ;
To written wisdom, as another's less :
Maxims are drawn from notions, those from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein :
Shall only man be taken in the gross ?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess ;
Next, that he varies from himself no less : 20
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds ?
On human actions reason tho' you can, 25
It may be reason, but it is not man :
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more ; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own ;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, 35
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dies.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :

In vain sedate reflections we would make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
 Oft, in the passions' wide rotation tost, 41
 Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
 Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field.
 As the last image of that troubled heap, 45
 When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
 (Tho' past the recollection of the thought,)
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :
 Something as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50
 True, some are open, and to all men known ;
 Others so very close they're hid from none ;
 (So darkness strikes the sense no less than light ;)
 Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight ;
 And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul 55
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
 At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves :
 When universal homage Umbra pays,
 All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60
 When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But

VER. 57. *At half mankind*] The character alluded to is the principal one in the Plain Dealer of Wycherly.

VER. 61. *hate it in a queen,*] Queen Caroline, whom he was fond of censuring.

But these plain characters we rarely find;
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole; 65
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball; 75
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Think who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without. 80

Who would not praise *Patritio's* high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in picquette, 85
New-market fame, and judgment at a bett.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?

A per-

VER. 81. *Patritio's high desert,*] Meaning Lord Godolphin, who, though he was a great gamester, yet was an able and honest minister.

A perjur'd Prince, a leaden saint revere,
 A godless Regent tremble at a star ?
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
 Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit ?
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

90

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same : 95
 In man, the judgment shoots at flying game ;
 A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found ;
 Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

II.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
 Infer

After ver. 86. in the former editions :

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
 Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread ;
 As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
 Now save a people, and now save a groat.

VER. 89. *A perjur'd Prince,*] Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which, when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.

VER. 90. *A godless Regent tremble at a star ?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent in the minority of Louis XV. superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

VER. 91. *The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his queen ; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to re-assume it, was imprisoned till his death.

VER. 93. *Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?*]
 The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the above-men-
 tioned King of Sardinia.

Infer the motive from the deed, and shew, 101
 That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
 Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight, 105
 This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions shew the man: we find
 Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind; 110
 Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;
 Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
 Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave, 115
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave;
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions best discover man;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can. 120
 The few that glare each character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark.

What

VER. 107. *The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.*

Philip II. was of an atrabilaire complexion. He derived it from his father Charles V. whose health, the historians of his life tell us, was frequently disordered by bilious fevers: the same complexion not only drove them variously, but made each act contrary to his character; Charles, who was an active man, when he retired into a convent; Philip, who was a man of the closet, when he gave the battle of St. Quintin.

What will you do with such as disagree ?
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
 Must then at once (the character to save) 125
 The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
 Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
 Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?
 Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat. 130
 Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk ?
 Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
 But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
 One action conduct ; one, heroic love.
 'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ; 136
 A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still ;
 A gownman, learn'd ; a bishop, what you will ;
 Wise,

VER. 129. in the former editions :

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat ?
 Cæsar himself would tell you he was beat.
 The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk ?
 The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does *not* tell you he was beat. And as Cæsar afforded an instance of both cases, it was thought better to make him the single example.

VER. 129. *Ask why from Britain*] In former editions, the third and fourth lines were,

The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk ?
 The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

But it was altered as above ; and altered for the worse. It is strange that Pope should not have known that drunkenness was not one of Cæsar's vices.

Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate, 141
Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate :

In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays 145
Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. 150
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave :
Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of pow'r : 155
A quaker ? sly : a presbyterian ? sour :
A smart free-thinker ? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions : Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well ;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun, 160
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce ?
Some god, or spirit he has lately found ;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd. 165
Judge

VER. 165. Or chanc'd to meet Sir Robert when he frown'd.

Judge we by nature ? Habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place :
 By actions ? those uncertainty divides :
 By passions ? these dissimulation hides :
 Opinions ? they still take a wider range : 170
 First, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

III.

Search then the RULING PASSION : There, alone,
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known ; 175
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and WHARTON stands confest.
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies :
 Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke. 185
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks, and whores ;
 Enough

VER. 187. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit
 and extravagancies in the time of Charles the Second.

Enough, if all around him but admire, 190
And now the punk applaud, and now the fryer.

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt; 195

His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade!
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200

Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great. 205

Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and WHARTON plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
If second qualities for first they take.

When

VER. 206. *Ask you why Wharton*] "This celebrated peer," says Lord Orford, "like Buckingham and Rochester, comforted all the grave and dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries, and scrapes, which may mix graces with a great character, but never can compose one."

VER. 208. In the former editions,

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.

Altered as above, for very obvious reasons.

When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store ;
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore ;
 In this the last, in that the avarice
 Were means, not ends : ambition was the vice. 215
 That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
 In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand. 225
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest nature ends as she begins.
 Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last ;
 As weak, as earnest ; and as gravely out, 230
 As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.
 Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd

VER. 213. *When Cæsar made*] This was Servilia, the sister of Cato, and the mother of Brutus.

VER. 231. *Lanesb'row*] An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by *dancing*.

Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unblest'd : 235
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late :
" Mercy !" cries Helluo, " mercy on my soul ! 240
" Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245

" Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke ;)
" No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And—Betty—give this cheek a little red." 251

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
" If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"

" I give and I devise" (old Euclio said, 256
And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."

Your

VER. 242. *The frugal crone, &c.*] A fact told him by Lady Bolinbroke, of an old countess at Paris.

VER. 247. *Narcissa*] Mrs. Oldfield the actress, who gave these orders with her dying breath. Betty was Mrs. Saunders, an actress, her friend and confidante.

Your money, Sir? "My money, Sir! what all?
"Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The manor, Sir?—"The manor! hold," he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you, brave COBHAM! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past;
"Oh, save my country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.

VER. 261. *and dy'd.*] Sir William Bateman used those very words on his death-bed, but Euclio is supposed to have been designed for Sir Charles Duncombe of Helmsley.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the CHARACTERS of WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,

“ Most women have no characters at all.”

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,

And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view, 5

All how unlike each other, all how true !

Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,

Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,

And there, a naked Leda with a swan. 10

Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,

In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,

Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,

With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine ;

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15

If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

VOL. III.

L

Come

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
 Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air ;
 Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it 19
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock ;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task, 25
 With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask :
 So morning insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice ;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure ; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
 All eyes may see —— a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
 Sighs for the shades !—" How charming is a Park !"
 A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees 39
 All bath'd in tears—" Oh odious, odious trees !"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe ;

Fine

VER. 24. *As Sappho's di'monds, &c.*] It appears very clear that
 by Sappho, throughout, Lady Montagu must have been meant.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise.
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r, 55
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be born? 60
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns:
And atheism and religion take their turns; 66
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See

VER. 68. *Yet still a sad,*] Thought to be designed for the then
Duchess of Hamilton.

See sin in state, majestically drunk ;
 Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk ; 70
 Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
 What then ? let blood and body bear the fault,
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought :
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
 She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain ?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
 As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
 The nose of Hautgout and the tip of Taste, 80
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat :
 So Philomédé, lect'ring all mankind,
 On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
 Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once, 85
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray ;
 To toast our wants and wishes is her way ;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, " While we live, to live." 90
 Then

VER. 70. *Proud as a peeress,*] Designed for the Duchess of Marlborough, who so much admired Congreve ; and after his death caused a figure of wax-work to be made of him, and placed frequently at her table.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd, &c.*] In the MS.
 In whose mad brain the mixt ideas roll
 Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise wretch ! with pleasures too refin'd to please ;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease : 96
With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
With too much thinking to have common thought :
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live. 100

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate,
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a pray'r. 106
Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, " Ah ! how charming if there's no such place !"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears,
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears, 110
The daily anodine, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair-ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit ;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ? 115
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind !

Who

VER. 107. *Or her, who laughs at hell,*] The person Pope
tended to ridicule was the Duchess of Montague.

Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth :
 Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
 No passion gratify'd, except her rage.
 So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
 No more a storm her hate than gratitude :
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late ;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
 Superiors ? death ! and equals ? what a curse ! 135
 But an inferior not dependant ? worse.

Offend

VER. 115. *great Atossa's mind?*] Atossa is a name mentioned in Herodotus, and said to be a follower of Sappho. She was daughter of Cyrus and sister of Cambyses, and married Darius. She is also named in the Persæ of Æschylus. She is said to be the first that wrote epistles. The name is here applied to the famous Duchess of Marlborough, whom Swift had also severely satirized in the Examiner.

After Ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad !
 One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140

Last night, her lord was all that's good and great ;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of follow'rs ! without one distress 145
Sick of herself through very selfishness !

Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown, descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor. 150

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right :
For how could equal colours do the knack ? 155
Cameleons who can paint in white and black ?

“ Yet Cloe sure was form'd without a spot.”—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
“ With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part, 159
“ Say, what can Cloe want ?”—She wants a heart.
She

After Ver. 148 in the MS.

This death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
On any one she hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance ! this only could afflict her more,
If any part should wander to the poor.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought ;
 But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.

She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest :
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair. 170

Forbid it, Heav'n, a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel !—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Cloe's ear ;
 But none of Cloe's shall you ever hear.

Of all her dears she never slander'd one, 175
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.

Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead ?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.

Cloe is prudent—Would you too be wise ?
 Then never break your heart when Cloe dies. 180

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen* :
 THE SAME FOR EVER ! and describ'd by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.

Poets

VER. 180. *when Cloe dies.*] This highly-finished portrait was intended for Lady Suffolk, with whom, at the time he wrote it, he lived in a state of intimacy.

Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will, 185

And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.

'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,

To draw the naked is your true delight.

That robe of quality so struts and swells,

None see what parts of nature it conceals : 190

Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,

We owe to models of an humble kind.

If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,

'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.

From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing 195

To draw the man who loves his God, or King :

Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)

From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,

A woman's seen in private life alone : 200

Our bolder talents in full light display'd ;

Your virtues open fairest in the shade.

Bred

After VER. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife ;

I cannot prove it on her, for my life :

And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,

Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.

Thus while immortal Cibber only sings

(As * and H* *y preach) for Queens and Kings,

The nymph, that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,

May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

VER. 198. *Moh'met*, servant to the late King, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person.

VER. 198. *plain Parson Hale*.] Dr. *Stephen Hale*; not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural philosopher, than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish priest.

Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide ;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
 Weakness or delicacy ; all so nice, 205
 That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men, we various ruling passions find ;
 In women, two almost divide the kind ;
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway. 210

That, nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?
 Experience, this ; by man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take ;
 But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake : 216
 Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
 But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
 Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means : 220
 In youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But wisdom's triumph, is well-tim'd retreat, 225
 As hard a science to the fair as great !
 Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,

Worn

VER. 207. in the first edition,

In sev'ral men, we sev'ral passions find ;
 In women, two almost divide the kind.

Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost :
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend, 235
It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :
As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable night : 240
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards !
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous ; and dead, forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ; 249
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine !
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines, 255
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day ;
 She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ; 260
 She, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will ; 265
 Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille ;
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
 Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
 Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 275
 Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools :
 Reservé with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
 Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
 Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new ;
 Shakes all together, and produces——You. 280

Be this a woman's fame : with this unblest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
 This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;

Ascendant

Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285

Averted half your parents' simple pray'r ;

And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf

That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.

The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,

And ripens spirits as he ripens mines, 290

Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,

To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.



EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of RICHES

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious, or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities, ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a Miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of Riches, ver. 219. The Man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The Story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

EPISTLE III.

P. WHO shall decide when doctors disagree,
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
 That man was made the standing jest of heav'n;
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play, 5
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
 (And surely, heav'n and I are of a mind)
 Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground: 10
 But when by man's audacious labour won,
 Flam'd forth this rival to its sire, the sun,
 Then careful heav'n supply'd two sorts of men,
 To squander these, and those to hide agen.

Like

EPISTLE III.] This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on suspicion that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places, and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
 We find our tenets just the same at last. 16
 Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
 No grace of heav'n, or token of th' elect ;
 Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil. 20

B. What

VER. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood on the pillory on the 17th of March, 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's estate, forfeited to the South-Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward ; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several æras of his life : At his standing in the pillory, he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds* ; at his commitment to prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand* ; but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man by fifty or sixty thousand*.

FR. CHARTRES, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat ; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due ; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned ; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in

- B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
- P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve :
What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25
Extends to luxury, extends to lust :
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
- B. Trade it may help, society extend.
- P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend. 30
3. It raises armies in a nation's aid.
- P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave ;
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak, 35
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
" Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Blest

in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it.

VER. 20. *Waters,*] The *Waters* here mentioned is the same person who is introduced under the character of "Wise Peter;" whose name was "Walter," though sometimes called Waters.

VER. 32. *But bribes a senate,* &c.] Evidently levelled at Sir Robert Walpole's administration, and the supposed corrupt mode by which he maintained his influence and superiority in Parliament.

VER. 35. *beneath the patriot's cloak,*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly ! 40
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings ;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to a distant shore ;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45
 Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow :
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh ! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumbent'd villainy ! 50
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies or with all their wines ?
 What could they more than knights and squires con-
 Or water all the quorum ten miles round ? [fourd,
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spol !
 " Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil ; 56
 " Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door,
 " A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
 Poor avarice one torment more would find ;
 Nor could profusion squander all in kind. 60

Astride

VER. 44. *Or ship off senates to a distant shore ;*] Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
 Peter ! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet ;
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
 Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs ? 66
 His Grace will game : to White's a bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.
 To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
 Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep ?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine ?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill, 75
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille !

Since

VER. 62.] Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve ; till one of them, taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a year.

VER. 65. *Colepepper's*.] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart. a person of an ancient family and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others ; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army, which was offered him.

VER. 65. *Had Colepepper's*.] Thus in former editions,
 Had Hawley's fortune lay'n in hops and hogs,
 Scarce Hawley's self had sent it to the dogs.

Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? B. Say? Why take it, gold and
 P. What riches give us let us then enquire: [all.
 Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat,
 clothes, and fire. 80

Is this too little? would you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs; 85
 To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?

Can

VER. 77. *Since then, &c.*] In the former editions,
 Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
 Come take it as we find it, gold and all.

VER. 82. *Turner*] One who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and all other expences.

VER. 84. *Unhappy Wharton*,] A nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies.

VER. 85. *Hopkins*,] A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds*, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippias glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below :
 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscurer ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaster'd at thy tail? 90
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend ;
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife :
 But thousands die, without or this or that, 95
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
 To some, indeed, heav'n grants the happier fate,
 T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part ?
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart :
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule 101
 That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool :

“ God

VER. 86. *Japhet, nose and ears?*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was *worth* a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

VER. 100. *Bond damns the poor, &c.*] This Epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers; and three of the managers, who were members of the House, were expelled.

“ God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)

“ The wretch he starves”—and piously denies :

But the good bishop, with a meeker air, 105

Admits, and leaves them, Providence’s care.

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,

Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :

Damn’d to the mines, an equal fate betides

The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own, 111

Must act on motives pow’rful, tho’ unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,

Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,

He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound. 116

What made directors cheat in South-sea year ?

To live on ven’son when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?

Phryne foresees a general excise. 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?

Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world’s respect for gold,

And therefore hopes this nation may be sold :

Glorious

VER. 118. *To live on ven’son*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.

VER. 120. *general excise.*] Many people, about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

Glorious ambition ! Peter, swell thy store, 125
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold. 130
Congenial souls ! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much injur'd Blunt ! why bears he Britain's hate ?
A wizard told him in these words our fate :

“ At

VER. 123. *Wise Peter*] PETER WALTER, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer ; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation : his wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. He purchased Stalbridge Park, near Sherborne, a seat of the Boyle Family, now in possession of the Earl of Uxbridge, where he lived many years. He was a neighbour of Henry Fielding, who lived at East Stour, about four miles distant, and was supposed to be the character described by him in Tom Jones, the important “ Peter Pounce.”

VER. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

VER. 127. *The crown of Poland, &c.*] The two persons here mentioned, Mr. Gage, and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, in the Mississippi despised to realise above three hundred thousand pounds ; the gentleman with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature.

VER. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt !*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-Sea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of

" At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood, 135
 " (So long by watchful ministers withstood,)
 " Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on,
 " Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
 " Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
 " Peeress and butler share alike the box, 140
 " And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
 " And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
 " See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
 " And France reveng'd on ANNE'S and EDWARD'S
 " arms!"

'Twas no court-badge, great scriv'ner! fir'd thy
 brain, 145

Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:

No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
 Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
 And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,

To buy both sides, and give thy country peace. 150

" All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?

" The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 " The ruling passion conquers reason still."

Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame, 155

Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim;

For tho' such motives folly you may call,

The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear

the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors.

Hear then the truth : " 'Tis heav'n each passion
" sends,

" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends. 160

" Extremes in nature equal good produce,

" Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use."

Ask me what makes one keep, and one bestow ?

That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,

Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165

Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,

Builds life on death, on change duration founds,

And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;

This year a reservoir, to keep and spare ;

The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,

In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst, 175

And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)

His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot ? 180

His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,

With soups unbought and sallads bless'd his board ?

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more

Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before ;

To cram the rich was prodigal expence, 185

And who would take the poor from Providence ?

Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noon-tide bell invites the country round : 190
Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way :
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door ;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate, 195
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed.) 200
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine !
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws, 205
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great House which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet : 210
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands ;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a Pope.

And

And shall not Britain now regard his toils, 215
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

- The sense to value riches, with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
 To balance fortune by a just expence,
 Join with economy, magnificence; 224
 With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;
 Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.
- B. 'To worth or want well weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n; 230
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race;)
 Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
 As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:

In

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
 And nettles grew, fit porridge for their lord;
 Where mad good-nature bounty misapply'd,
 In lavish Curio blaz'd a-while and dy'd:
 There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
 And shewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

That secret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
 Which W——n lost, yet B——y ne'er could find;
 Still miss'd by vice, and scarce by virtue hit,
 By G——'s goodness, or by S——'s wit.

In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies, 235
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
cheats.

Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon? 240
Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies yours, or OXFORD's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene, 245
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd

VER. 242. *or play'r?*] Alluding to Cibber.

VER. 243. *OXFORD's better part,*] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl of Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe.

VER. 250. *The MAN of ROSS:*] The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of ROSS* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription), was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds, 251
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255

Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260

Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The MAN of Ross!" each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!

The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate: 266
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271

Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabl'd to pursue 275

What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts, and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possest — five hundred pounds a year.
 Blush, grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw
 your blaze ! 281

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what ? no monument, inscription, stone ?
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown ?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name : 286
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor, makes all the history ;
 Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between ;
 Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been. 290
 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end :
 Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands ;
 That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. 296
 Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !
 And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-
 hung,

The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung, 300
 On

VER. 287. *Go, search it there,*] The parish-register.

VER. 287. Thus in the MS.

The register inrolls him with his poor,
 Tells he was born and dy'd, and tells no more.
 Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between ;
 Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim! 306
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
 Of mimick statesmen, and their merry king. 310
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store!

No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends.

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
 As well his grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?"
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320

Thy

VER. 305. *Great Villers lies*—] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000*l.* a-year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.

VER. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham.

VER. 308. *Shrewsbury*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page.

Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
 A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
 Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
 Or are they both, in this, their own reward? 336
 A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
 But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale.—B. Agreed.
 P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies; 340
 There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One

VER. 337. in the former editions :

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
 Or tell a tale?—A tale.—It follows thus.

VER. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the papists.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's :
Constant at church, and 'change ; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old : 350
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep ;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :
" Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word ;
And lo ! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away :
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit. 364
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
" I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
" And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time ; the work he ply'd ;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, 375
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn :
His compting-house employed the Sunday-morn ;
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life) 381
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our knight ; 385
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite :
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies : 390
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance, 395
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
The house impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs :
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown : 400
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

VOL. III.

Q

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the Word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand Error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, ver. 97; and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper Objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of Great Men, ver. 177, &c. and finally the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, ver. 191 to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

'TIS strange, the miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
 Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ; 5
 Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats :
 He buys for Topham, drawings and designs,
 For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins :
 Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane. 10
 Think we all these are for himself ? no more
 Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For

VER. 1. *'Tis strange,*] This epistle was written and published before the preceding one ; and the placing it after the third, has occasioned some awkward anachronisms and inconsistencies.

VER. 7. *Topham,*] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.

VER. 8. *For Pembroke, statues,*] The soul of Inigo Jones, which had been patronized by the ancestors of Henry Earl of Pembroke, seemed still to hover over its favourite Wilton. and to have assisted the muses of arts in the education of this noble person.

VER. 9. *Hearne*] Well known as an antiquarian.

VER. 10. *And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent physicians: the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
 Only to show, how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste? 15
 Some demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
 Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
 See! sportive fate, to punish aukward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and send him such a guide: 20
 A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
 That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous buildings once were things of use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules, 25
 Fill half the land with imitating fools;
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make;
 Load some vain church with old theatric state,
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate; 30

Reverse

VER. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works.

VER. 20. *Bids Bubo build,*] He means Bub Dodington's magnificent palace at Eastbury, near Blandford, which he had just finished.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Must bishops, lawyers, statesmen have the skill
 To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
 Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
 Bridgman explain the gospel, Gibbs the law?

VER. 23.] The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the designs of Inigo Jones, and the antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

Reverse your ornaments ; and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall ;
 Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
 That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.
 Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear : 40
 Something there is more needful than expence,
 And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense :
 Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
 And though no science, fairly worth the seven :
 A light, which in yourself you must perceive ; 45
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terras, or to sink the grot ;
 In all, let nature never be forgot. 50
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
 Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult

VER. 46. *Le Nôtre*] The architect of the groves and grottos of Versailles: he came hither on a mission to improve our taste. He planted St. James's and Greenwich parks.

Consult the genius of the place in all ;
 That tells the waters, or to rise or fall ;
 Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ; 60
 Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades !
 Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines ;
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul, 65
 Parts answe'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance ;
 Nature shall join you ; time shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at—perhaps a Srow. 70

Without it, proud Versailles ! thy glory falls ;
 And Nero's terraces desert their walls :
 The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo ! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a lake :
 Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain, 75
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
 Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold

VER. 70. The feat and gardens of the Marquis of Buckingham.

VER. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.*

This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000*l.* by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

POPE

Behold Villario's ten-years toil complete ;
 His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet ; 80
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light ;
 A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er — 85
 Enjoy them, you ! Villario can no more :
 Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds at last, he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
 Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90
 With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet !
 His son's fine taste an op'ning vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves ;
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views, 95
 With all the mournful family of yews ;
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, " What sums are thrown away !"
 So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air, 101
 Soft and agreeable come never there.

Greatness

VER. 78. *set Dr. Clarke.*] Dr. S. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage.

VER. 99. *At Timon's villa*] This description is intended to comprize the principles of a false taste of magnificence. The person intended was the Duke of Chandos.

Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town, 105
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down :
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze !
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground. 110
Two Cupids squirt before : a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall !
No pleasing intricacies intervene, 115
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ; 120
With here a fountain, never to be play'd ;
And there a summer-house, that knows no shade ;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs ;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs ;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat ; 130

And

And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
thighs,

Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stor'd?

In books, not authors, curious is my Lord;

To all their dated backs he turns you round; 135

These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound!

Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,

For all his Lordship knows, but they are wood.

For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,

These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,

That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,

Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.

On painted cielings you devoutly stare, 145

Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre.

On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,

And bring all paradise before your eye.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,

Who never mentions hell to ears polite. 150

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;

A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:

The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,

And gaping tritons spew to wash your face.

Is

VER. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre*,] Verrio (Antonio) painted many
cielings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-Court, &c. and Laguerre at
Blenheim-castle, and other places.

Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ? 155
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor, and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring, 161
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed ;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread 170
The lab'rer bears : What his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

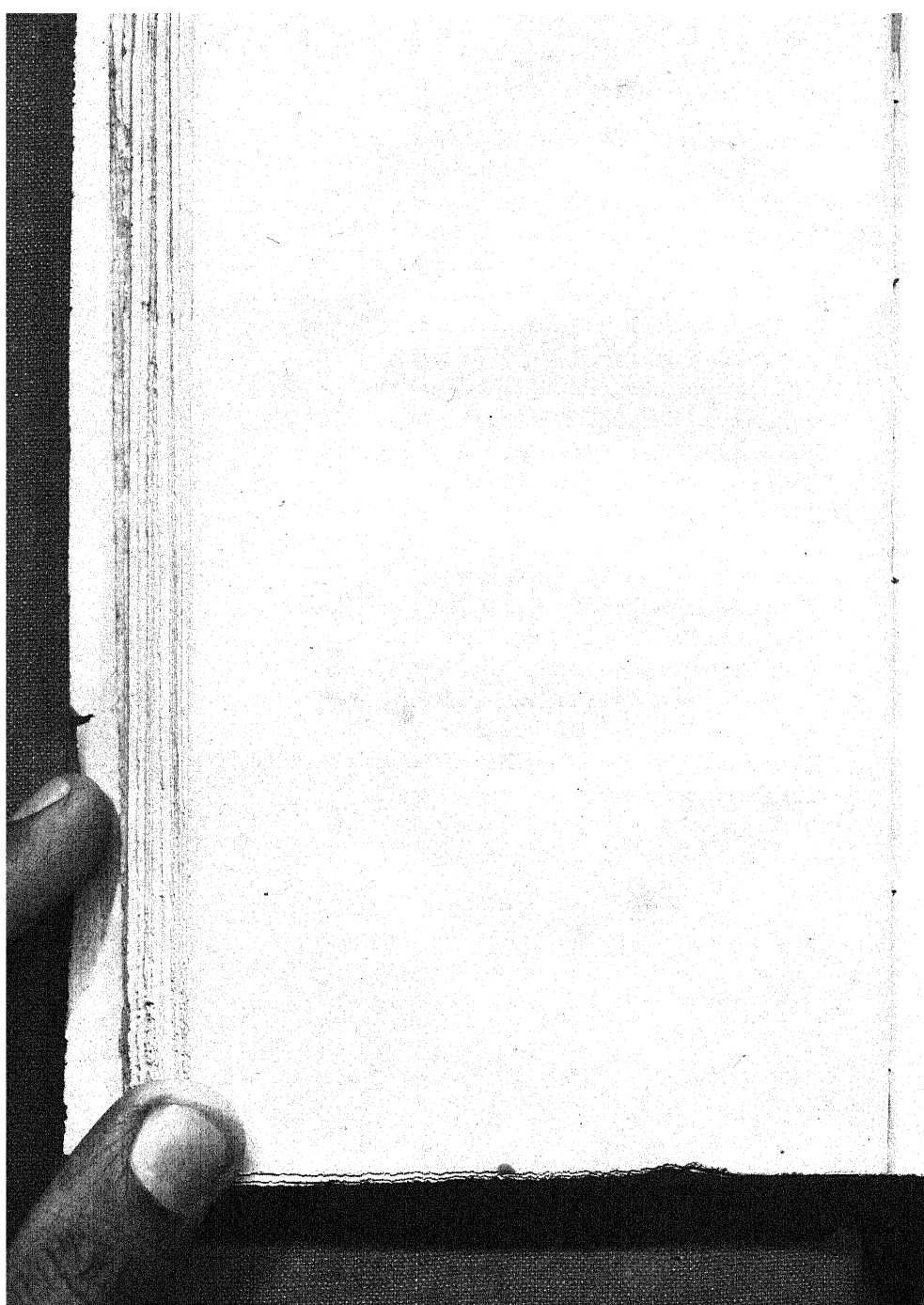
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil ?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like

BOYLE.

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense. 180
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he encrease :

Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil ;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed 185
The milky heifer, and deserving steed ;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow :
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town. 190

 You too proceed ! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair ;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before :
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind, 195
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend ;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main ; 200
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land :
These honours, peace to happy BRITAIN brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.



EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

VOL. III.

P

[This Epistle was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickle's edition of his works: at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.]

EPISTLE V.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years !

How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears !

With nodding arches, broken temples spread ;

The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead !

Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, 5

Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd :

Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,

Now drain'd a distant country of her floods :

Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they ! 10

Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,

Some hostile fury, some religious rage.

Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,

And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15

Some bury'd marble half preserves a name ;

That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,

And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : She found it vain to trust

The faithless column, and the crumbling bust : 20

Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !

Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow ORB each crowded conquest keeps, 25
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name :
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore, 35
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams. 40
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd :
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine : 45
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;
Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.

Nor

Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage ; 50
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold ?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;
There warriors frowning in historic brass :
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree ; 60
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine ;
With aspect open, shall erect his head, 65
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
" Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
" Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ; 70
" Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."



SATYRES
AND
EPISTLES.



EPISTLE
TO
DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Motto to the first edition, published in folio, 1734 :

“ Neque sermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis
spem posueris rerum tuarum ; suis te oportet illecebris ipsa virtus
trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant,
sed loquentur tamen.”

CICERO.



ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my *Person, Morals, and Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth*, and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious, or the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have
for

for the most part spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs, as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

POPE.

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING

THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John ! fatigu'd I said,

Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

The dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,

All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,

They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10

No place is sacred, not the church is free,

Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me :

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,

Happy ! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is

VER. I. *Shut, shut the door, good John !*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant, whom he has remembered, under that character, in his will ; of whose fidelity Dodsley, from his own observation, used to mention many pleasing instances.

VOL. III.

Q

Is there a parson much be-mus'd in beer, 15
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should *engross* ?
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls ?
 All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain 21
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life ! (which, did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What *drop* or *nostrum* can this plague remove ?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love ? 30
 A dire dilemma ! either way I'm sped,
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I !
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie :

To

VER. 13. *Mint*] A place in Southwark to which insolvent
 debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there
 suffered to afford to one another from their creditors.

After Ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a bard in durance ? turn them free,
 With all their brandish'd reams they run to me :
 Is there a 'prentice, having seen two plays,
 Who would do something in his sempstress' praise ---

VER. 23. *Arthur*,] Arthur Moore, Esq.

VER. 29. in the first edit.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse ?
 Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse ;

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read,
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane, 41
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends: 44

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues, 55
"A Virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*.

VER. 53 in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine.

VER. 54. *He'll write a Journal*,] Meaning the London *Journal*; a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's ministry. Bishop Hoadley wrote in it, as did Dr. Bland.

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath, I'll print it,

"And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
"Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, Sir, if you revise it and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks; 65

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a king,) 70

His very minister who spy'd them first,

(Some say his queen,) was forc'd to speak, or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous
things.

I'd never name queens, ministers, and kings;

Keep

VER. 55. *A packet.*] Alludes to a tragedy called the Virgin Queen, by Mr. R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his sylphs in an heroic-comical poem called the Assembly. 1, 26.

VER. 60 in the former edit.

Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends.

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass: 80
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool. 84
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a scribler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer, 95
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
 Still

VER. 98. *His butchers Henley,*] Orator Henley, who declaimed on Sundays on religious subjects, and on Wednesdays on the sciences;—one shilling was the price of admittance. His oratory was among the *butchers* of Newport Market and Butcher Row.

Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God-sake—you'll offend.
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend :
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall ;
 But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent :
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes : 110
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my *letters*, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court :
 I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short ; 116
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such *Ovid*'s nose, and "Sir! you have an eye."—
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see,
 All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me. 120
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal *Maro* held his head!"

And

VER. 100. *Still to one Bishop*] This is Bishop Boulter, who was Ambrose Philips' great friend and patron. Boulter wrote, in conjunction with Philips, a paper called the Freethinker.

VER. 111. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe;
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."
 Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
 Yet each declares the other, fool or knave.

And when I die, be sure you let me know,
Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125

Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,

No duty broke, no father disobey'd.

The muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life,

To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,

And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear. 134

A. But why then publish? P. *Granville* the polite,

And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;

Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,

And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays:

The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,

Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head, 140

And

After Ver. 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this shape, which you and Curl * admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my sire †:

And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,

I had it from my mother ‡, not the muse.

Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,

Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curl set up his head for a sign. † His father was crooked.

‡ His mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

VER. 139. *Talbot*, &c.] All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled *Dryden's Satire to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
 While pure description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
 Commas

VER. 146. *Burnets, &c.*] Authors who occasionally wrote against Pope.

VER. 151. *Yet then did Gildon*] Gildon was born at the village of Gillingham, near Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire. He was sent to Doway, to the English college of Secular Priests there, to be made a priest; but came to London, spent his property, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by writing abusive pamphlets.

VER. 153. *Yet then did Dennis*] Dennis the critic, and miscellaneous writer.

Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds* :
 Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each word-catcher that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms 169
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.
 Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify ? for who can *guess* ?
 The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year ;
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left : 184
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 And

VER. 180. *a Persian tale*] Amb. Philips translated the *Persian Tales*.

And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these, my modest satire bade *translate*,
 And own'd that nine such poets made a *Tate*. 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
 And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ; 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like *Cato*, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise —

Who

VER. 189. *All these my modest satire bade translate,*] See their works, in the translations of classical books by *several hands*.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?

Who would not weep, if *ATTICUS* were he?

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals? 216

Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?

I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like *Asian* monarchs, from their sight: 220

Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great *GEORGE*! a birth-day song.

I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;

Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town, 225
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;

Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;

But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo* puff'd by ev'ry quill;

Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.

His library (where busts of poets dead 235
And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)

Receiv'd

VER. 232. *Bufo*] The character of Atticus, however unjustly, was designed for Addison, and *Bufo* for Lord Halifax, from whom Pope once expected preferment.

After Ver. 234. in the MS.

To bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat : 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder ?) came not nigh, 245
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :
 But still the *great* have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill !
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still ! 250
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
 Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
 Bless'd be the *great*, for those they take away, 255
 And those they left me ; for they left me GAY ;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn !

Oh let me live my own, and die so too ! 261
 (To live and die is all I have to do :)

Maintain

VER. 261. *Oh let me live*] In the first edition ;
 Give me on Thames's banks, in honest ease,
 To see what friends, or read what books I please.

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please :
 Above a patron, tho' I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs ;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
 Heav'ns ! was I born for nothing but to write ?
 Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ? 274
 " I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed ? no doubt
 " (Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out."
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will ;
 " No, such a genius never can lie still ;"
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280
 Poor guiltless I ! and can I chuse but smile,
 When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my *style* ?

Curst

After ver. 270 in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still :
 Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will,
 The world I knew, but made it not my school,
 And in a course of flattery liv'd no fool.

VER. 280. *Sir Will.*] Sir William Young.

VER. 280. *or Bubo makes.*] By *Bubo*, it is universally considered, Pope meant *Bubb Doddington*, afterwards Lord *Melcombe*.

After ver. 282 in the MS.

P. What if I sing *Augustus*, great and good ?

A. You did so lately, was it understood ?

VOL. III.

R

P. Be

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear! 285
 Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out: 290
 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
 Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
 Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there; 300
 Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let

- P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
 As rumb'ling D——s or a Norfolk hound;
 With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,
 Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.
 A. No —— the high task to lift up kings to gods,
 Leave to court-sermons, and to birth-day odes.
 On themes like these, superior far to thine,
 Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.
 P. Why write at all? —— A. Yes, silence if you keep,
 The town, the court, the wits, the dunces weep.

Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk? 306

Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,

This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings; 310

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,

Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,

And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad,

Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320

In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.

His wit all sea-saw, between *that* and *this*,

Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,

And he himself one vile antithesis. 325

Amphibious thing! that acting either part,

The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,

Fop

VER. 306. *Sporus*] Lord Hervey.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv.

VER. 322. *or blasphemies.*] In former editions these two lines followed immediately:

Did ever smock-face act so vile a part,

A trifling head, and a corrupted heart.

Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, 330

A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,

Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool, 335

Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,

That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many ways :

That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,

And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340

But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song :

That not for fame, but virtue's better end,

He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,

The damning critic, half-approving wit,

The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ; 345

Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,

The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;

The distant threats of vengeance on his head,

The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;

The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350

Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,

The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;

Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,

A friend in exile, or a father, dead :

355

The

The whisper, that to greatness still too-near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past :
 For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ?

P. A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry state : 361

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,

Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,

Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire ; 365

If on a pillory, or near a throne,

He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,

Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :

This dreaded sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370

Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :

So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,

Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?

Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lie. 375

To

VER. 355. *A friend in exile,*] The Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Atterbury.

VER. 363. *Sporus at court,*] In former editions, Glencus at court.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
 And like that dang'rous thing, a female wit :
 Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid ;
 He writ no libels, but my lady did :
 Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
 Where woman's is the sin, and man's the shame.

To please his mistress, one aspers'd his life ;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will ;
 Let the two *Curlls* of town and court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why ? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore :
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore* ! 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long !
 If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray ?—

P. Their own, 390

And better got, than *Bestia*'s from the throne.
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.

No

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of *Dr. Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author.

VER. 379. *except his Will*;) Alluding to *Tindal*'s will: by which, and other indirect practices, *Budgel*, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise,
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise ;
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die !
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky !
 On cares like these, if length of days attend,
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.

A. Whether

After ver. 405. in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say ?
 Take then this verse, the trifle of a day,
 And if it live, it lives but to commend
 The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
 Or head, an author ; critic, yet polite,
 And friend to learning, yet too wise to write.

A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

VER. 417. *And just as rich, &c.*] After the death of Queen Anne, Arbuthnot removed from St. James's-street to Dover-street, probably not in so good circumstances, or such extensive practice, as before.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

HOF.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as *Dr. Donne*, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The satires of *Dr. Donne* I versified, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford*, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *hypocrite*.

Uni equus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

POPE.



THE FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE
IMITATED.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told,)

There are, to whom my satire seems too bold :

Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,

And something said of Chartres much too rough.

The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,

I come to council learned in the law :

You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,

Advice ; and (as you use) without a fee. 10

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write ? but then I think,

And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

I nod in company, I wake at night,

Fools rush into my head, and so I write. 14

VOL. III.

S

F. You

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life,
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife :
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine ; *Probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise 19
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR's praise,
You'll gain at least a *knighthood*, or the *bays*.

P. What ? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and
fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder ?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse ?

F. Then all your muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas ! few verses touch their nicer ear ;
They scarce can bear their *Laureat* twice a year ;
And justly CÆSAR scorns the poet's lays, 35
It is to *history* he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,

Abuse

VER. 28. *falling horse ?*] The horse on which His Majesty
charged at the battle of Oudenard ; when the Pretender, and the
Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
 And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
 Ev'n those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
 Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
 Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye;
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;
 F--- lov's the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one egg to another. 50
 I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
 Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
 Publish the present age; but where my text
 Is vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60

My

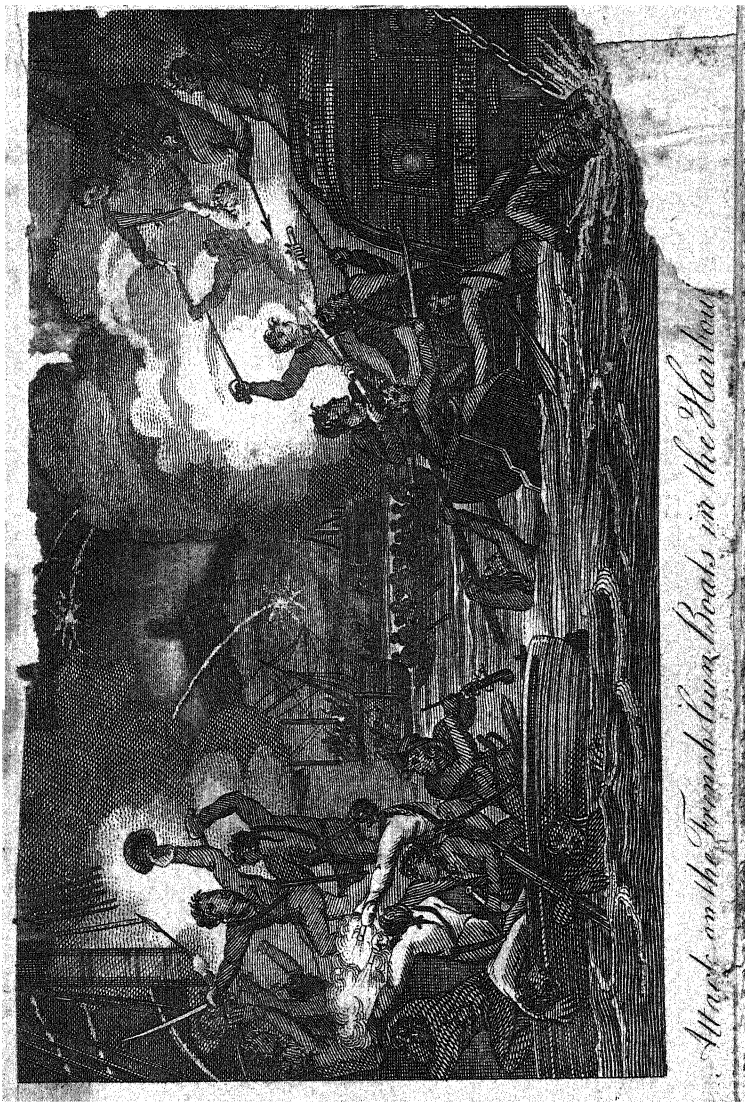
VER. 46. *Darty*] Lyttelton, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, has introduced Darteneuf, in a pleasant discourse betwixt him and Apicius, bitterly lamenting his ill-fortune in having lived before turtle-feasts were known in England. The story of the ham-pye was confirmed by Mr. Dodsley, who knew Darteneuf, and, as he candidly owned, had waited on him at dinner.

VER. 52. *Downright SHIPPEN*,] M. P. for Newton, Lancashire, a Jacobite.

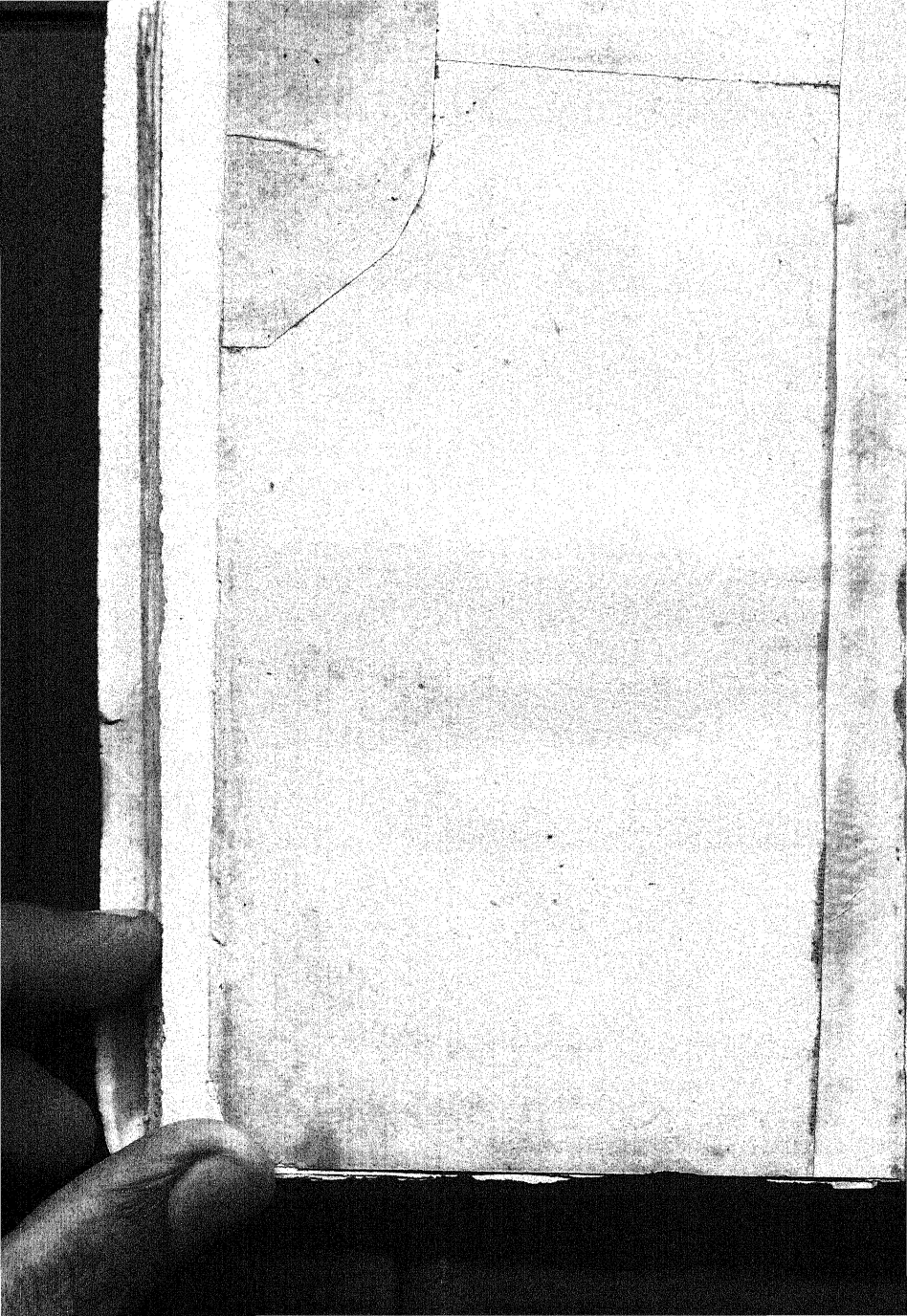
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
 Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet ; 70
 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
 Save but our *army* ! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust !
 Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more : 75
 But touch me, and no minister so sore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80
 Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,
 Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
 From

VER. 70 *To run a muck*,] Alludes to a practice among the Malayans, who are great gamblers; which is, that when a man has lost all his property, he intoxicates himself with opium, works himself up to a fit of phrenzy, rushes into the streets, and attacks and murders all he meets.

VER. 81. *Delia's rage*.] A Miss Mackenzie died about this time, and was supposed to have been poisoned from jealousy. A hint of this kind was sufficient for Pope. The person alluded to was Lady D——ne.



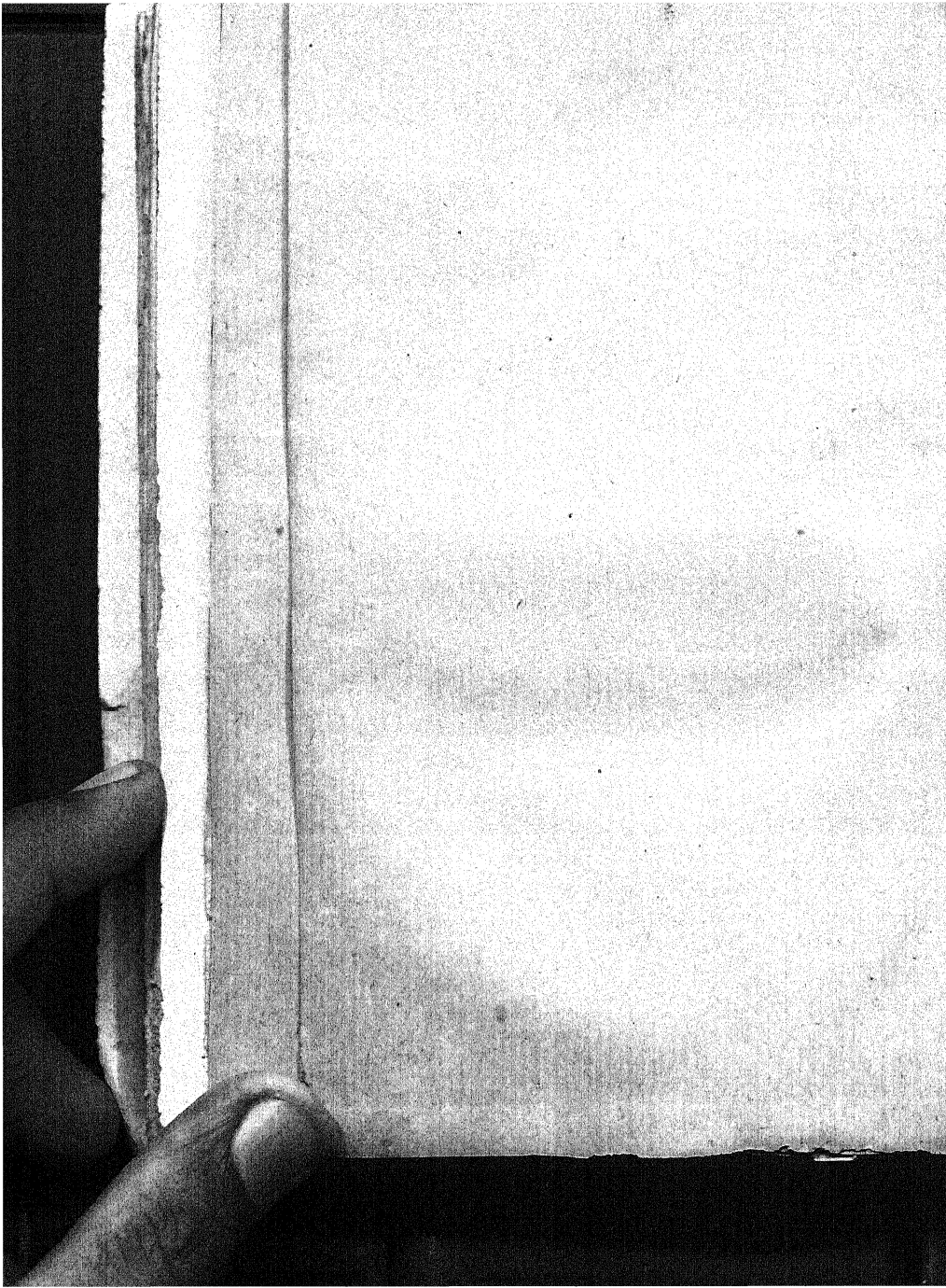
Attack on the French-Liver Boats in the Harbour











Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend ;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45

About one vice, and fall into the other :

Between excess and famine lies a mean ;

Plain, but not sordid ; tho' not splendid, clean.

Avidien, or his wife, (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch,) 50

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,

And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :

One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,

And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some lucky day (as when they found 55

A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)

At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear :

Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,

But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,

And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;

Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,

Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ;

Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65

The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring :

(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing :)

First

VER. 42. *Bedford-head* ;] A famous eating-house.

First health : the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale, each worshipful and rev'rend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast ! 76
What life in all that ample body, say ?
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay ?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines. 80

On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind ?
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues ?
How coming to the poet ev'ry muse ?
Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85
Or tir'd in search of truth, or search of rhyme ;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age :
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains ? 90

Our fathers prais'd rank ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose.
Not so : a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last ;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home. 96

Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear, 100
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song,)
Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

"Right," cries His Lordship, "for a rogue in need
"To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray, 115
And shine that superfluity away.

Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make keys, build bridges, or repair Whitehall: 120
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who

VER. 122. *As M**o's was,*] Duke of Marlborough.

VOL. III.

T

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care

In peace provides fit arms against a war?

Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his
thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought : 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the man.

In South-Sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The lord of thousands, than if now *excis'd*;

In forest planted by a father's hand, 135

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On brocoli and mutton, round the year;

But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)

That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140

'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,

But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,

Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:

From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 145

And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,

And figs from standard and espalier join;

The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:

Then cheerful healths, (your mistress shall have place,)

And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ?
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost ?
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before and after standing armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ; 155
 I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends ? through whose free op'ning
 gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160
 " Pray Heav'n it last ! (cries SWIFT) as you go on
 " I wish to God this house had been your own :
 " Pity ! to build, without a son or wife :
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
 What's *property* ? dear Swift ! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to Peter Walter ;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share ;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ; 170
 Or, in pure equity, (the case not clear,)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
 Shades

VER. 152. *double tax'd,*] An additional tax was laid on the
 estates of papists and nonjurors.

Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 175
Become the portion of a booby lord ;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scriv'ner or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

VER. 175. *that to BACON could*] Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, a fine and venerable old mansion.

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham's, &c.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

THE FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last !
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days ?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my age ! 5
See modest Cibber now has left the stage :
Our Gen'als now, retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK'S cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear, 11
('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
" Friend Pope ! be prudent, let your muse take
" And never gallop Pegasus to death ; [breath,
" Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
" You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's
" horse."

Farewell

VER. 3. *Sabbath of my days ?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the author.

Farewell then verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy ;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all : 20
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what doctors I apply?
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I :
As drives the storm, at any door I knock : 25
And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true : 30
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all ;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide. 34

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one :
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul ; 40
That keep me from myself ; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day :

That

VER. 29. *Free as young Lyttelton,*] Afterwards the celebrated Lord Lyttelton.

That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure ; 45
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from the lynx, and not a giant quite ; 50
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love ?
Know, there are words, and spells, which can control
Between the fits this fever of the soul ;
Know, there are rhymes, which fresh and fresh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear ;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor ; 65
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Sear'd at the spectre of pale poverty ! 70

See

See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
 Here, Wisdom calls: "Seek virtue first, be bold!
 "As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
 There, London's voice: "Get money, money still!
 "And then let virtue follow, if she will." 80
 This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
 From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
 From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
 "Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
 pounds;

A pension, or such harness for a slave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D*1, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90
 Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
 True,

VER. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer tallies.

VER. 85. *Barnard*] Sir John Barnard, Knight, was born at Reading, and brought up at a school at Wandsworth in Surry; his parents were Quakers. In 1703, he quitted the Society of Quakers, was received into the church by Compton, Bishop of London, and continued a member of it. He became a celebrated member of Parliament, and an eminent merchant and magistrate of London.

True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within ;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass ; 95
Compar'd to this, a minister's an ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court jargon, or the good old song ?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at CRESSY and POITIERS ? 100
Who counsels best ? who whispers, " Be but great,
" With praise or infamy leave that to fate ;
" Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace ;
" If not, by any means get wealth and place."
For what ? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king. 106

Or he, who bids thee face with stedly view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through :
And, while he bids thee, sets th' example too ?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
Should chance to make the well-drest rabble stare ;
If honest S*z take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the palace than the park :
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave :
" I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave : 115

" Because I see, by all the tracks about,
" Full many a beast goes in, but none comes out."
Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave :
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120
The people are a many-headed beast :

Can

Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn; 130
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135
But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich-hill!"
Up starts a palace, lo, th' obedient base 140
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Now let some whimsey, or that dev'l within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down, 146
"For snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in town."

At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

The

The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151

Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich ?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch ;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes, 156
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one ;
They hire their sculler, and when once abroad,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord. 160

You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band ;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary !
But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my mind, 166

When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up ; I build, and then confound ;
Turn round to square, and square again to round ;
You never change one muscle of your face, 171

You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply ;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry !
Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175

Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend ?

This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend ?

Who

Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own ; 180
Great without title, without fortune bless'd ;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd ;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r ;
At home, tho' exil'd ; free, tho' in the Tow'r ;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing, 185
Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, half in heav'n—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demy-god.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TO MR. MURRAY.*

“NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
 “To make men happy, and to keep them so.”
 (Plain truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow’rs of
 speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-center'd sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend ! whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ;

All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?

Or popularity? or stars and strings?

The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings? 15
Say

* Afterwards the celebrated Lord Mansfield. This was written
1737.

VER. 4. *Greech.*] From whose translation of Horace the two first lines are taken.

Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away; 25
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the surprize, 30
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day uobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice; 35
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth, conspir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd, 41
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to wit and worth
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?

Yet

Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line ;
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine : 45
 And what is fame ? the meanest have their day,
 The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art, with all the pow'r of words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords :
 Conspicuous scene ! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far,) where kings and poets lie ;
 Where MURRAY (long enough his country's pride)
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE !

Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone ? 55
 See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
 And desp'rate misery lays hold on Dover.
 The case is easier in the mind's disease ;
 There all men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.
 Would ye be blest ? despise low joys, low gains ;
 Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains ; 61
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way, Who

VER. 45. *It brighten'd CRAGGS's,*] His father had been in a low situation ; but, by industry and ability, got to be post master general and agent to the Duke of Marlborough.

VER. 56. 57. *Ward — Dover.*] Celebrate empirics.

VER. 61. *Whatever CORNBURY disdains ;*] When Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, the late Earl of Essex, his brother-in-law, told him he had got a handsome pension for him. To which Lord Cornbury answered with a composed dignity — How could you tell, my Lord, that I was to be sold ; or, at least, how came you to know my price so exactly ? To this anecdote Pope alludes.

Who virtue and a church alike disowns, 65
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds; 85
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.

Now,

VER. 65. *Who virtue and a church alike disowns,*] The one he renounces in his *party-pamphlets*; the other in his *Rights of the Christian Church*.

VER. 82. *Anstis birth.*] Anstis was Garter King of Arms.

Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed ; 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves ;
 Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.
 If wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
 If in the pomp of life consist the joy ;
 Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord
 To do the honours, and to give the word ; 100
 Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
 Whom honour with your hand : to make remarks,
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks :
 " This may be troublesome, is near the chair : 105
 " That makes three members, this can choose a may'r."
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continu'd treat, 110
 If to live well means nothing but to eat ;
 Up, up ! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny-prey ;

With

VER. 104. *Who rules in Cornwall, &c.*] Pope here seems to allude to Viscount Falmouth, who brought into Parliament several members for the Cornish boroughs.

With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
 So Russel did, but could not eat at night, 115
 Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
 And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we ev'ry decency confound,
 Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round,
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo 120
 K—l's lewd cargo; or Ty—y's crew,
 From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts,
 Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
 Renounce our country, and degrade our name? 125

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
 The cordial drop of life is love alone;
 And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la bagatelle!"
 The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
 Adieu—if this advice appear the worst, 130
 E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
 Or better precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

VER. 126. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rochester.

THE FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE ;

With this Motto in the first Edition, in Folio, 1737 :

" *Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere.*" HOR.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reflections of *Horace*, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an *absolute empire*. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a *free people*, and are more consistent with the welfare of our *neighbours*.

This Epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that *Augustus was a patron of poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: *Admonebat pratores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsoleverit*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a *general discourse of poetry*; whereas it was an *apology for the poets*, in order to render *Augustus* more their patron. *Horace* here pleads the cause of his cotemporaries, first against the taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly against the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the writers for the Theatre;
and

and lastly against the *Emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of *Greece* had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their *morals* were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage, were owing to the *ill taste* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State*; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend, for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his court to this great Prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

POPE.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind ! sustain

The balanc'd world, and open all the main ;
 Your country, chief in arms abroad defend,
 At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend ;
 How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal 5
 An hour, and not defraud the public weal ?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
 After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd ;
 Clos'd their long glories, with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind !
 All human virtue, to its latest breath, 15
 Finds envy never conquer'd, but by death.
 The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
 Had still this monster to subdue at last.
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away ! 20

Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee, the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise :
Great friend of LIBERTY ! in *Kings* a name 25
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame :
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd,
As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of *Kings* ; like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest :
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ; 35
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote :
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen ;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk of the Green ; 40
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires ?

In

VER. 40. *Christ's Kirk of the Green* ;] A ballad made by James the First, King of Scotland.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil*.] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his poetical club.

In ev'ry public virtue we excel ; 45
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wit as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine ? 50
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who dy'd, perhaps, a hundred years ago ?
End all dispute ; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize ?

“ Who lasts a century can have no flaw, 55
“ I hold that wit a classic, good in law.”

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound ?
And shall we deem him ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce ? 60

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;
“ By courtesy of England, he may do.”

Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow : 65
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,) 70
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despight.

Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
 The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
 Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
 His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
 Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,
 But still I love the language of his heart.

"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
 "What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80
 "In all debates where critics bear a part,
 "Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
 "Of Shakespear's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
 "How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
 "writ;

"How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow; 85
 "But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
 "These, only these, support the crowded stage,
 "From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
 All this may be; the people's voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
 Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
 But let them own, that greater faults than we 95
 They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries. Written by J. Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet :
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
In quibbles, angel and archangel join, 101
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected fool 105
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease ;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er,) 110
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age. [page,
I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
When works are censur'd, not as bad but new ;
While if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow ? 120
One tragic sentence if I dare deride
Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)

How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
 You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
 Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
 In days of ease, when now the weary sword
 Was sheath'd, and *luxury* with *Charles* restor'd; 140
 In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
 "All, by the King's example, liv'd and lov'd,"
 Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel,
 New-market's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France, 145
 And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
 Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding metal flow'd to human form:

Lely

VER. 142.] A verse of the Lord Lansdown.

VER. 143. in *horsemanship t'excel*,—And *ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance*.] The Duke of Newcastle's book of horsemanship: the romance of *Parthenissa* by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French romances translated by *Persons of Quality*.

Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing muses were debauch'd at court :
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate ;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state ;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws ;
Effects unhappy ! from a noble cause. 160

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers, was his care ; 165
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir ;
To prove, that luxury could never hold ;
And place, on good security, his gold.

Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich : 170
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wivès read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the muses, lie, 175
Not ——'s self e'er tells more *flōs* than I ;

When sick of muse, or follies we deplore,
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more ;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our wit. 180

He serv'd a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop ;
 Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop ;
 Ev'n Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile ? 185
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile ;)
 But those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great ;
 These madmen never hurt the church or state : 190
 Sometimes the folly benefits mankind ;
 And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men :
 Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind ; 195
 And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
 To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter ;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,

Enjoys

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

VER. 186. *Should Ripley venture,*] Ripley, the architect.

VER. 195. *Flight of cashiers,*] Alluding to Mr. Knight's (one of the cashiers of the South Sea Company) flying into France on the failure of that bubble, by which Pope was a considerable sufferer.

Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet ;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose ;
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (tho' no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song ? 205
What better teach a foreigner the tongue ?

What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king ; 210

Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden ! — In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays ;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains) 215
No whiter page than Addison remains.

He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220

Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws ;
And leave on SWIFT this gratetul verse ingrav'd,
“ The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd.”
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure, 225
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,

Proud

Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms ;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms :
The boys and girls whom charity maintains, 231
Implore your help in these pathetic strains :
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse ?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain ;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And Heav'n is won by violence of song. 240

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain :
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care : 246
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul :
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew. 250

But times corrupt, and nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind ;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.

Who

Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and Justice lent her arm. 256
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :
Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side ; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice. 260
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms ;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms ;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein, 270
And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own, 276
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone :
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The humble muse of comedy require.

But

But in known images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 285
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :
 Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed ;
 What pert, low dialogue has Farqu'ar writ !
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !
 The stage how loosely does Astrea tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all characters to bed !
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause !
 But fill their purse, our poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by pathos or by pun. 295

O you ! whom vanity's light bark conveys
 On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or born too high !
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
 Farewell the stage ! if just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
 The many-headed monster of the pit : 305
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd ;
 Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring

VER. 287. *Congreve*] He alludes to the characters of Brisk and Witwood.

VER. 290. *Astrea*] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c.

Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords ! 310
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords :
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still ; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse ; 315
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold, and lawn ;
The champion too ! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight !
Ah luckless poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more ; 325
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends !
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.

Such

VER. 319. *Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention the armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the champion.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The farthest northern promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades.

Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat ;
 Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.

Booth enters,—hark ! the universal peal !

“ But has he spoken ? ” Not a syllable. 335

“ What shook the stage, and made the people stare ? ”

Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,

Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,

Let me for once presume t'instruct the times, 340

To know the poet from the man of rhymes :

'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,

Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;

Inrage, compose, with more than magic art,

With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ; 345

And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,

To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state,

Alone, deserves the favour of the great :

Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely 350

More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.

Or who shall wander where the muses sing ?

Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring ?

How shall we fill a library with wit,

When Merlin's Cave is half unfinish'd yet ? 355

My

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A building in the royal gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice collection of books.

My liege ! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess ; and, with their leave, will tell the fault :
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :
The season, when to come, and when to go, 360
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend ; 365
Repeat unask'd ; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the King ;
And from the moment we oblige the town, 370
Expect a place, or pension from the crown ;
Or dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet think, great Sir ! (so many virtues shown ;)
Ah think, what poet best may make them known ?
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed ;

So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit :
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit. 385
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles ;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
" No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."

Not with such majesty, such bold relief, 390
The forms august, of king, or conq'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble ; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh ! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing ! 395
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought !
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought !
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword !
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep ;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But verse, alas ! your Majesty disdains ;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains : 405
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules : 410
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

If

If true, a woful likeness; and if lies,
“ Praise undeserv’d is scandal in disguise :”
Well may he blush who gives it, or receives ;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt’ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

415



THE SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's
You love a verse, take such as I can send. [Friend!
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—" This lad, Sir, is of Blois :
" Observe his shape how clean ! his locks how curl'd !
" My only son, I'd have him see the world : 6
" His French is pure ; his voice too—you shall hear.
" Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
" Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please :
" A perfect genius at an op'ra-song— 11
" To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word ;
" His whole ambition was to serve a lord ;
" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part ? 15
" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
" Once

VER. 1. *Dear Col'nel,*] Addressed to Colonel Cotterell of Rousham near Oxford, the descendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who, at the desire of Charles the First, translated Davila into English.

VER. 4. "*This lad, Sir, is of Blois :*"] A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.

“ Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
“ And then, unwhipp’d, he had the grace to cry :
“ The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
“ (Could you o’erlook but that), it is, to steal.” 20

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov’d so bad ?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit ;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away, 25
And panish’d him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
I told you when I went, I could not write ;
You said the same ; and are you discontent
With laws, to which you gave your own assent ? 30
Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time !
D’ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In ANNA’S wars, a soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn’d a little purse of gold :
Tir’d with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp’rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join’d
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap’d the trenches, scal’d a castle wall, 40
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
“ Prodigious well !” his great commander cry’d,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

Next

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter ;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter) 45
 " Go on, my friend, (he cry'd) see yonder walls !
 " Advance and conquer ! go where glory calls !
 " More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave ?
 " D'ye think me, noble gen'ral, such a sot ? 50
 " Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Bred up at home, full early I begun,
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
 Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad : 55
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
 But knottier points we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell ;
 And certain laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :
 Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
 For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ; 65
 And

VER. 57. *in Maudlin's learned grove.*] He had a partiality for this college in Oxford, in which he had spent many agreeable days with his friend Mr. Digby, who provided rooms for him at that college.

VER. 60. *by suff'ers thought unjust,*] By orders from government for the removal of Papists to a certain distance from the metropolis.

And me, the muses help'd to undergo it ;
 Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
 But, (thanks to Homer,) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.

Years following years, steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away ;
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend : 75
 This subtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still ?

But after all, what would you have me do ? 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two ;
 When this heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg ; 85
 Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme ; can London be the place ?
 Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and
 friends ?

My

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, physician to Bedlam hospital.

VER. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated gluttons.

My counsel sends to execute a deed :
A poet begs me I will hear him read :
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square— 95
Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—

“ Oh but a wit can study in the streets,

“ And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”

Not quite so well however as one ought; 100

A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;

And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,

God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.

Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,

Two aldermen dispute it with an ass? 105

And peers give way, exalted as they are,

Ev'n to their own s-r-v-nce in a car?

Go, lofty Poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.

Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run, 110

To ease and silence, ev'ry muse's son:

Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,

Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? 114

How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

The man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,

To books and study gives sev'n years complete.

See!

VER. 113. *Tooting—Earl's-Court*] Two villages within a few miles of London.

See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun! 119
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125
 Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
 With equal talents these congenial souls,
 One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
 Each had a gravity would make you split, 131
 And shook his head at MURRAY, as a wit. [quence,"
 " 'Twas, Sir, your law,"—and " Sir, your elo-
 " Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's
 " sense."

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine,
 Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
 Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
 No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
 Walk

VER. 140. *but Stephen,*] Mr. Stephen Duck, a modest and worthy man, esteemed by Mr. Pope. Queen Caroline chose this man for her favourite poet. By the interest of Mr. Spence, who had a sincere regard for Stephen Duck, whose life he wrote, and published his poems, he obtained the living of Byfleet in Surry. He was unfortunately drowned at Reading, 1756.

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
“ My dear Tibullus !” if that will not do,
“ Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :
“ Or, I’m content, allow me Dryden’s strains, 145
“ And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.”
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race ;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write : 150
But let the fit pass o’er, I’m wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect ;
’Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each prais’d within, is happy all day long ; 156
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such verse as we can read ?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe’er unwillingly it quits its place, 161
Nay tho’ at court (perhaps) it may find grace :
Such they’ll degrade ; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead ;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years ;
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake ;

Or

Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For use will father what's begot by sense,) 170
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue ;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line : 175
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please :

“ But ease in writing flows from art, not chance ;
“ As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.”

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool ; 181
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord ; 185
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife ;
Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell, 190
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd ; in short, they
Whereat the gentleman began to stare— [cur'd :
My friends ! he cried, p-x take you for your care !
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note, 196
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

Well,

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate :
 Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
 There is a time when poets will grow dull : 200
 I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school :
 To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
 I'll learn to smooth and harmonise my mind,
 Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
 And keep the equal measure of the soul. 205

Soon as I enter at my country door,
 My mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;
 Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
 Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.
 There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
 I ask these sober questions of my heart.

If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
 You tell the doctor ; when the more you have,
 The more you want, why not with equal ease
 Confess as well your folly, as disease ? 215
 The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
 " Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."

When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
 You give all royal witchcraft to the devil :
 When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
 Indue a peer with honour, truth, and grace, 221
 Look in that breast, most dirty D— ! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there ?

Yet

VER. 218. *When golden angels cease, &c.*] The whole of this passage alludes to a dedication of *Mr.* afterwards *Bishop Kennet*, to the Duke of Devonshire ; to whom he was chaplain.

Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit, 226
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give 230
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :
All Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own : 235
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit ;
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found !
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen, 241
Buy ev'ry stick of wood, that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land, 246
Abhor, a perpetuity should stand :
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.

Ready,

VER. 232. *Delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-against Hamp-
ton-Court.

Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what would'st thou
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave. [have?
 All vast possessions, (just the same the case
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase,) 255
 Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 Their mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
 There are who have not,—and thank Heav'n there
 are, 266.

Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
 The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
 Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on, in court and parliament; 275
 One

VER. 273. *All Townshend's turnips,*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.

One driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole :
 Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour ;
 That God of nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual : His great end the same.

Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place :
 But sure no statute in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
 Divided between carelessness and care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ;
 Another, not to heed to treasure more ;
 Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
 And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away. 295

What is't to me, (a passenger God wot,)
 Whether my vessel be first rate or not ?
 The ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
 Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.

In

VER. 274. *like Bu—*] Bubb Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia.

In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

“ But why all this of av'rice ? I have none.”

I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone ; 305

But does no other lord it at this hour,

As wild and mad ? the avarice of pow'r ?

Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall ?

Not the black fear of death, that saddens all ?

With terrors round, can reason hold her throne, 310

Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown ?

Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,

In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire ?

Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,

And count each birth-day with a grateful mind ? 315

Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end ?

Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend ?

Has age but melted the rough parts away,

As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay ?

Or will you think, my friend, your bus'ness done,

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one ? 321

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will ;

You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your

Walk sober off ; before a sprightlier age [fill :

Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage :

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease, 326

Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.



THE
SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,
VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?

HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew

This town, I had the sense to hate it too:

Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still

One giant-vice, so excellently ill,

That all beside, one pities, not abhors; 5

As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;

It brought (no doubt) th' *excise* and *army* in:

Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,

But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10

Yet like the Papist's, is the poet's state,

Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:

The thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15

So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.

Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,

The gilded puppets dance and mount above.

Heav'd by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow:

Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;

No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

In

Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
. to out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-sweare the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Coscus*, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a poet: jollier of this state,

Than

In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat. 26
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digestion makes it wit no more :
Sense, past through him, no longer is the same ;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears. 40
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence ; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, [dence :
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass. 50
No

Than are new-benefic'd ministers, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes
His title of barrister on ev'ry wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.**

Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear :
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbyes roar.
Then sick with poetry, and possest with muse
Thou wast, and mad I hop'd ; but men which chuse
Law practice for mere gain ; bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill ; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to ev'ry suitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite — or like a king.

Like

No young divine, new benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too ;
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year* ?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts ;
Call himself barrister to ev'ry wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench ? 60
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain ;
Paltry and proud, as Drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own* :
What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies !
And what a solemn face, if he denies !
Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought them there. 70
His *office* keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire ;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots *Peter* puts his trust ;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to ev'ry lord, in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.

Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge ; for
Bastardy abounds not in the King's titles, nor
Simony, and Sodomy in church-men's lives,
As these things do in him ; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he :
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not ; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
When *Luther* was profest, he did desire
Short *pater-nosters*, saying as a fryar

Each

These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly ** 80
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal ;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal ;
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand :
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to *Jansen* punts at *White's*,
Or city-heir in mortgage melts away ;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indenture, cov'nants, articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are ;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dexterously omits, *ses heires* : 100
No commentator can more sily pass
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place ;
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the pater-noster long, 105
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song ;

Each day his beads ; but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the *power and glory* clause) ;
But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
As slyly as any commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense ; or, in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts, leave out [doubt.
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
Where are these spread woods which cloath'd
heretofore

Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door,
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs ;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the *power and glory* clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground? 110
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of
yore

The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121
But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense, 126
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

SATIRE IV.

WELL ; I may now receive, and die. My sin

Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court ; but as Glare which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred markes, which is the statutes curse,
Before he scap'd ; so it pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way.

Therefore

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,

Adieu to all the follies of the age !

I die in charity with fool and knave,

Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

I've had my purgatory here betimes,

5

And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.

The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,

To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,

Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd ;

10

I hop'd for no commission from his Grace ;

I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place ;

Had no new verses, nor new suit to show ;

Yet went to court !—the dev'l would have it so.

But, as the fool that in reforming days

15

Would go to mass in jest (as story says)

Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,

Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God ;

So was I punish'd, as if full as proud

As prone to ill, as negligent of good,

20

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,

As vain, as idle, and as false, as they

Who live at court, for going once that way !

Scarcely

Therefore I suffer'd this ; towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came :
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name :
Stranger than seven antiquaries studies,
Than Africk monsters, Guanaes rarities,
Stranger than strangers : one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then ; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by ;
One, to whom the examining justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are ?

His cloathes were strange, tho' coarse, and black,
tho' bare.

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and had it been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tufftaffaty ; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs,
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art

Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold ! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name ; 25
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark :
A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign. 31
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropt out of the moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, By your priesthood tell me what you are ?
Such was the wight : Th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black :
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd ;
So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd !
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45
This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do ;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear ; Motteux I knew, 50
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.

The

Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast ;
But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement :
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or SURIUS, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me ; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuseth me ! He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best linguist ? and I seelily
Said that I thought Calepine's dictionary.
Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir ? Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said, Nay your apostles were
Good pretty linguists ; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman ; all these may pass
By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,

That

The doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
 The whole artill'ry of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar : 55
 These I could bear ; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out ; I whisper, Gracious God !
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod ?
 That all the shot of dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me ! 65
 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
 To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.
 What *speech* esteem you most ? " The *King's*," said I.
 But the best *words* ?—" O, Sir, the *dictionary*."
 You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute, 70
 And perfect *speaker* ?—" Onslow, past dispute."
 But, Sir, of writers ? " Swift for closer style,
 " But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
 Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass :
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was ; 75
 Nay troth th' apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty *gift of tongues* enough :
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen ! I dare
 Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.

That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.

He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht lutestring squeaks, O Sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings. At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin, can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: The way to it is King's-street.

He

Thus other talents having nicely shown, 80
He came by sure transition to his own :
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity ! you was not druggerman at Babel ;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tow'r had stood. 85

“ Obliging Sir ! for courts you sure were made :
“ Why then for ever bury'd in the shade ?
“ Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
“ The King would smile on you—at least the Queen.”
Ah gentle Sir ! you courtiers so cajole us— 90
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :
And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way :
Tho' in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made ; 95
And tho' the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies ;
“ Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
“ To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings !”
Then, happy man who shows the tombs ! said I,
He dwells amidst the royal family ;
He ev'ry day, from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread.

He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress;
And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a still, which stayes
A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houshold trash: He knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hasts to an offices reversion;

Who

" Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic ! strangely low,
" And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
" How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111

" Oh ! Sir, politely so ! nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your Padua-soy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille— 115
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.

As coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore ;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er ; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, " What news ?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies. 129
Mere household trash ! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollinsheads, or Halls, or Stows.
When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows ; and what
A subtle minister may make of that :
Who sins with whom : who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug : 135

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop or a whore :
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government :
Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure, 140
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor :
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob :
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town : 145
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady yole,
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :
Trims Europe's balance, tops the stateman's part,
And talks gazettes and post-boys o'er by heart. 155
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man ;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
In sure succession to the day of doom :
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd :

As the last day ; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traytor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope his jaw,
To suck me in for hearing him : I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free : therefore I did show
All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear ; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come : he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine, to 'scape a torturing.
And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly ;
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown ? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom ; but as fidlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you : so did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown ; scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.

Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port. 165
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by. 175
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see 180
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense: 185
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.

Not

At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance-
Itself o'er me : such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser : Then,
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns ; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility ?
No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court ? I
Think he which made your waxen * garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers ; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
Tast have in them, ours are ; and natural
Some of the stocks are ; their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a clock and past ; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Presence*, and I (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be

Their

* A show of the Italian garden in wax-work, in the time of King James the First.

Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me : 195
 Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a liv'ry'd lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee 200
 For huffing, braggart, puff'd nobility?
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun ! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court ? 205
 Now pox on those who shew a *court in wax* !
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs :
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face !
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.
 See ! where the British youth, engag'd no more
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,

Pay

VER. 206. *Court in wax* !] A famous shew of the court of France in wax work.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's*.] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a prize-fighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days: It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemn'd criminals in Newgate.

Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cry the flatterers ; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states : me seems they do as well
At stage, as courts ; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cutchanel)
The men board them ; and praise (as they think) well,
Their beauties ; they the mens wits ; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net :
She fears her drugs ill-lay'd, her hair loose set.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
As if the Presence were a mosque : and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate ;
And then by Durer's rules survey the state

Of

VER. 220. *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the authority of
the Lord Chamberlain.

Pay their last duty to the court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room ; 215
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
“ That’s velvet for a King !” the flatt’rer swears ;
’Tis true, for ten days hence ’twill be King Lear’s.
Our court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtier’s clothes ?
For these are actors too, as well as those :
Wants reach all states ; they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc’d for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine’l,
Sail in the ladies : how each pyrate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize !
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
He boarding her, she striking sail to him :
“ Dear Countess ! you have charms all hearts to hit !”
And “ Sweet Sir Fopling ! you have so much wit !”
Such wits and beauties are not prais’d for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
’Twould burst ev’n Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin :
The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.
See them survey their limbs by Durer’s rules, 240
Of all beau-kind the best proportion’d fools !

Adjust

Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the *Inquisition* ;
And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
For saying our Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness, good fashion :
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him ; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still

He

VER. 256. or *Gonson*] 'Sir John Gonson, the famous police
magistrate.

Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;
But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ; 245
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd chaplain goes, 250
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest :
Prodigious ! how the things *protest, protest* : 255
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu ! Jesu !*

Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another. 259
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries Arm ! whose very look's an oath :
The captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door : 265
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse ;

He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins ?) being among
Those *Askaparts* *, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spied spie — Preachers which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away : Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall
I hope, esteem my writs canonical.

* A giant famous in romances.

Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

270

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go ;
For, hung with deadly sins, I see the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than 'em all :
Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

275

279

Courts are too much for wit's so weak as mine :
Charge them with heav'n's artill'ry, bold divine !
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure :
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

285



EPILOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES.
IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.



EPILOGUE

TO THE SATIRES.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.

You grow correct that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.

Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—

5

Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?

'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye

Said, " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory:"

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,

" To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."

But

After ver. 2 in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,

Because you think your reputation made:

Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,

That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.

Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,

Or, like St. Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a wit.

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice; 11
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *vice* :
 Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the crown*,
 Blunt could *do bus'ness*, H—ggins *knew the town*;
 In Sappho touch the *failings of the sex*, 15
 In rev'rend bishops note some *small neglects*,
 And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
 Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.
 His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at court, and make AUGUSTUS smile :
 An artful manager, that crept between 21
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of *screen*.
 But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore ;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the glory ? 'twill be only thought 25
 The great man never offer'd you a groat.

Go

VER. 12. *Bubo observes*,] Bubo is said to mean Mr. Dodding-ton, afterward Lord Melcombe.

VER. 14. *Huggins*] Formerly gaoler of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

VER. 15. *In Sappho touch*] In former editions,
 Sir George of some slight gallantries suspect.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our ears*,] Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master.

After ver. 26 in the MS.

There's honest *Tacitus* * once talk'd as big,
 But is he now an *independant Whig* ?

* Mr. Thomas Gordon, who was bought off by a place at court.

Go see Sir ROBERT!——

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—

And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of social pleasure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r; 30
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt
 The only difference is, I dare laugh out. 36

F. Why, yes; with *scripture* still you may be free;
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at *honesty*;
 A joke on JEKYL, or some odd *old Whig*
 Who never chang'd his principle, or wig: 40
 A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
 These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
 And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man so near 45
 "His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
 Why, answer, LYTTTELTON, and I'll engage
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:

But

VER. 39. *A joke on JEKYL,*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity.

VER. 47. *Why, answer, LYTTTELTON,*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty.

But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case. 50
Sejanus, *Wolsey*, hurt not honest *FLEURY*,
 But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
 These you but anger, and you mend not those,
 Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more. 56
 To vice and folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men
 At sense and virtue, balance all agen. 60

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
 Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth;
 Come, harmless characters that no one hit; 65
 Come *Henley's* oratory, *Osborn's* wit!
 The honey dropping from *Favonio's* tongue,
 The flow'rs of *Bubo*, and the flow of *Y—ng*!
 The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense, 70
 That first was *H—vy's*, *F—'s* next, and then
 The *S—te's*, and then *H—vy's* once agen.

O come,

VER. 51. *FLEURY*,] Cardinal; and Minister to Louis XV.

VER. 66. *Henley—Osborn*,] See them in their places in the *Dunciad*.

VER. 68. *The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Young!*] Sir *William Young*.

VER. 71. *F—'s*] *Foxe's*.

O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All boys may read, and girls may understand !
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the *nation's sense* ;
 Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad verse on CAROLINA's urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
 All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest !
 So—satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No *gazetteer* more innocent than I—
 And let, a God's-name, ev'ry fool and knave 85
 Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace :
 For merit will by turns forsake them all ;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.

Silent

VER. 73. *O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,*] Dr. Bland of Eton was a very bad writer, Dr. Middleton a remarkable good one ; perhaps, our best : but he was the friend of Pope's enemy, Lord Hervey.

VER. 80. CAROLINA] Queen consort to King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.

VER. 92. *Immortal S—t,*] Charles Hamilton, third son of the Duke of Hamilton, who was created Earl of Selkirk in 1687.

Silent and soft, as saints remove to heav'n,
 All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a king!
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
 There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:
 But past the sense of human miseries, 101
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good heav'n forbid, that I should blast their
 glory, 105
 Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
 And when three sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex'd,
 Consid'ring what a *gracious prince* was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings; 110
 And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the dignity of *vice* be lost?
 Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke, 115
 Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?

A fav'rite's

VER. 112. In some editions,
 Who starves a mother —

VER. 115. *Cibber's son* — *Rich*] Two players: look for them
 in the Dunciad.

A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will? 120
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things,)
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
 But shall a printer, weary of his life, 125
 Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
 Vice, thus abus'd, demands a nation's care:
 This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin. 130
 Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well;

A simple

VER. 123. *If Blount dispatch'd himself.*] He was the younger son of Sir Henry Blount, who wrote an admirable account of a *Voyage* to the Levant, 1636; and younger brother of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, who wrote the *Censura Aulborum*. And this *Charles Blount* was not only the author of *The Oracles of Reason*, but of an infidel treatise, intitled *Anima Mundi*, and of the *Life of Apollonius Tyaneus*, in folio, 1680; with notes said to be taken from the manuscript of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It was his sister-in-law, with whom he was in love, when he destroyed himself.

VER. 124. *Passeran* !] Author of another book of the same stamp, called, *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, but died at last a penitent.

VER. 125. *But shall a printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors.

A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,
 Outdo Landaffe in doctrine,—yea in life :
 Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
 'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me ;
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
 She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth :
 But 'tis the *fall* degrades her to a whore ;
 Let *greatness* OWN HER, and she's mean no more,
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless ;
 In golden chains the willing world she draws, 147
 And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws,
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale *Virtue* carted in her stead. 150
 Lo !

VER. 129. *This calls the church to deprecate our sin,*] Warburton says, this alludes to the *Forms of Prayer* composed in the times of public calamity and distress ; where the fault is generally laid upon the *people*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people, till it was restrained by an act of parliament in 1736.

VER. 131. *Let modest FOSTER,*] An eminent dissenting preacher.

VER. 133. *A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,*] The Quaker's wife was Mrs. Drummond.

VER. 134. *Outdo Landaffe*] A prelate of irreproachable character, who is said never to have offended Pope ; and whose son is no small ornament to his profession, Dr. Harris of Doctors Commons.

Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold, 155
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves;
See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
“ Nothing is sacred now but villainy.”
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show, there was one who held it in disdain.



EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith
And for that very cause I print to-day. [it may ;
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the sins of *thirty-nine* ? 5

Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain ;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash ; 10
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.

Spare

VER. I. *Paxton*] Late solicitor to the Treasury.

VER. II. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.

Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all! 16
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend atheists. F. Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt, 20
I never nam'd; the town's enquiring yet.

The pois'ning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.
F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires, 30
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?

F. A dean, Sir? No: his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade. 35

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild*;

Or,

Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great? 45
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better, ministers; or if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, not rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete example fears? 56
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What always *Peter*? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE. 61

*F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.

When

VER. 39. *wretched Wild*;] Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and
thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own trap, and
hanged.

When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
 And melts to goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name ?
 Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful grove, 66
 (Where *Kent* and nature vie for *PELHAM's* love,)
 The scene, the master, op'ning to my view,
 I sit and dream I see my CRAIGS anew !
 Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert ; 70
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a heart :
 Manners with candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
 To *Berkley*, ev'ry virtue under heav'n.
 But does the court a worthy man remove ?
 That instant, I declare, he has my love : 75
 I shun his zenith, court his mild decline ;
 Thus *SOMMERS* once, and *HALLIFAX*, were mine.
 Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
 I study'd *SHREWSBURY*, the wise and great : 79

CARLETON'S

VER. 65. SCARB'ROW] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.

VER. 66. *Esher's peaceful grove,*] The house and gardens of *Esher* in *Surry*, belonging to the Honourable Mr. *Pelham*, brother of the Duke of *Newcastle*.

VER. 77. *SOMMERS*] *John Lord Sommers* died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of *William III.* who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister ; who, to qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness.

VER. 77. *HALLIFAX,*] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of *Q. Anne's* ministry.

CARLETON's calm sense, and STANHOPE's noble flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same :
How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour !
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r !
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and attic wit : 85
ARGYLL, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field :
Of WYNDHAM, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their
train ; 91
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say ! No follower, but a friend.
Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays ;
I follow *Virtue* ; where she shines, I praise : 95
Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

I never

VER. 79. SHREWSBURY,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

VER. 80. CARLETON] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle,) who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne.

VER. 80. STANHOPE] James Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.
 Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
 Have still a secret bias to a knave : 101
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended ?

P. Not so fierce ;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse. 105
 But random praise—the task can ne'er be done ;
 Each mother asks it for her booby son,
 Each widow asks it for *the best of men*,
 For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground ; 110
 The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
 Are they not rich ? what more can they pretend ?
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend ? 115
 What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
 And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No pow'r the muse's friendship can command ;
 No pow'r, when virtue claims it, can withstand :
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line ; 120
 O let my country's friends illumine mine !
 —What are you thinking ? F. Faith the thought's no
 I think your friends are out, and would be in. [sin.

P. If

VER. 99. *my LORD MAY'R.*] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor
 in the year of the poem, 1738.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about : 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow ?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.

Is that too little ? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall* ! aid me while I lie.

COBHAM'S a coward, POLWARTH is a slave, 130

And LYTTTELTON a dark designing knave,

ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy fool—

But let me add, Sir ROBERT'S mighty dull,

Has never made a friend in private life,

And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame ?

Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name ?

Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,

Oh all-accomplish'd ST. JOHN ! deck thy shrine ?

What ? shall each spurgall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay, 141

Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend

To break my windows if I treat a friend ;

Then

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall* !] Arnall was one of the writers for Sir Robert Walpole, and got by his writing, &c. a very large sum, an account of which may be seen in the notes to the Dunciad.

VER. 130. POLWARTH] The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty.

VER. 143. *To break my windows*] Which was done when Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Bathurst were one day dining with him at Twickenham. All the great persons celebrated in these satires were in violent opposition to government.

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
 But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt ?
 Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules 146
 Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools ;
 Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
 His saws are toothless, and his hatchet's lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150
 To see a footman kick'd that took his pay :
 But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
 Knew one a man of honour, one a knave ;
 The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
 And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest : 155
 Which not at present having time to do — [you ?
 F. Hold, Sir ! for God's sake, where's th' affront to
 Against your worship when had S—k * writ ?
 Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit ?
 Or grant the bard whose distich all commend 160
 [*In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend*]
 To W—le † guilty of some venial sin ;
 What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in ?

The priest whose flattery be-dropt the crown,
 How hurt he you ? he only stain'd the gown. 165
 And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
 Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend ?

P. Faith,

VER. 159. *Or P—ge*] Judge Page, who is said to have treated delinquents too roughly.

VER. 164. *The priest, &c.*] Meaning Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a panegyric on Queen Caroline.

* Sherlock.

† Walpole.

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came ;
 Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
 Since the whole house did afterwards the same. 170
 Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly ;
 If one through nature's bounty or his lord's,
 Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
 As pure a mess almost as it came in ;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind ;
 From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse :
 The last full fairly gives it to the house. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach——

P. So does flatt'ry mine ;
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
 But hear me further——Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read ;
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite ;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write ;
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own ? 190
 Must

VER. 166. *florid youth*] Lord Hervey, alluding to his painting himself.

VER. 185 in the MS.

I grant it, Sir ; and further, 'tis agreed,
 Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemmer quite escape the rod, 195
Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence, 201
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave: 206
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal; 216
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,

To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
 Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains, 220
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings, 224
 All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings.
 All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
 Like the last Gazette, or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
 A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
 Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star. 231

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Virtue's*
 Her priestess muse forbids the good to die, [shrine,
 And opes the temple of *eternity*. 235
 There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;

Far

After ver. 227 in the MS.

Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?
 —With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
 Angels, that watch'd the royal oak so well,
 How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
 Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low
 As to the regal touch, and papal toe;
 Hence haughty Edgar's title to the main,
 Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

VER. 228. *When black ambition, &c.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.

Far other stars than * and ** wear,
 And may descend to Mordington from STAIR;
 (Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd mitre shine, 240
 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine;)
 Let *envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole chorus sings,
 And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
 Let *flatt'ry* sick'ning see the incense rise,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies: 245
 Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
 When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
 Here, last of Britons! let your names be read; 250
 Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
 And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
 Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

VER. 237. *Anstis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.

VER. 238. *For other stars than * and ** wear,*] That is, *Kent* and *Grafton*.

VER. 239. STAIR;] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle, served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Ambassador in France.

VER. 240, 241. HOUGH and DIGBY] Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester; and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England, in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.

VER. 255 in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes and write *Essays on Man*.

ON RECEIVING FROM
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY*
A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms ;
" And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
" Take at this hand celestial arms :

" Secure the radiant weapons wield ;
" This golden lance shall guard desert,
" And if a vice dares keep the field,
" This steel shall stab it to the heart."

5

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky ;
And dipt them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

10

" What *well* ? what *weapon* ? (Flavia cries)
" A standish, steel and golden pen !

" It

* Fourth daughter of Earl Ferrers.

" It came from Bertrand's, not the skies ; 15
 " I gave it you to write again.

" But, friend, take heed whom you attack ;
 " You'll bring a house (I mean of peers).
 " Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
 " L—— and all about your ears. 20

" You'd write as smooth again on glass,
 " And run, on ivory, so glib,
 " As not to stick at fool or ass,
 " Nor stop at flattery or fib.

" *Athenian queen ! and sober charms !* 25
 " I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't :
 " 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ;
 " In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
 " That dares tell neither truth nor lies, 30
 " I'll list you in the harmless roll
 " Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

VER. 15. *Bertrand's,*] A famous toy-shop at Bath.





Thy nobles ^ksl-s, thy ^lse--s bought with gold,
 Thy clergy perjur'd, thy whole people sold.
 An atheist ^ua [⊕]'''s^m ad.....

Blotch thee all o'er, and sink...

Alas! on one alone our all relies,

85

Let him be honest, and he must be wise,

Let him no trifier from his school,

Nor like his still a....

Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,

And free at once the senate and the throne;

90

Esteem the public love his best supply,

A ⁿ [⊙]'s true glory his integrity;

Rich *with* his.... *in his*... strong,

Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.

Whatever his religion or his blood,

95

His public virtue makes his title good.

Europe's just balance and our own may stand,

And one man's honesty redeem the land.

VER. 95. *Whatever religion*] He probably means Frederick
 Prince of Wales, [⊙] took a decided part with the malcontents
 against Sir R. Walpole's administration.

^k Slaves.

^l Senates.

^m Administration.

ⁿ King's.



IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

FF 2

B O O K I.

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
 I would be with you, June the third;
 Chang'd it to August, and in short)
 Have kept it—as you do at court.
 You humour me when I am sick, 5
 Why not when I am splenetick?
 In town, what objects could I meet?
 The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
 And fun'erals black'ning all the doors,
 And yet more melancholy whores: 10
 And what a dust in ev'ry place?
 And a thin court that wants your face,
 And fevers raging up and down,
 And W* and H** both in town!
 “The Dog-days are no more the case.” 15
 'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your bard retire,
 Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
 And you shall see, the first warm weather,
 Me and the butterflies together. 20
FF 3 My

My Lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
" Pray take them, Sir. — Enough's a feast: 25
" Eat some, and pocket up the rest." —
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye. 30
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or shou'd 35
Be mighty ready to do good:
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free; 40
But if you'd have me always near —
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye, 45
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:

And

And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

50

A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink ;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in :
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cry'd, " You 'scape not so,
" Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

55

Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation ;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans :
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.

60

65

'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My bread, and independency !

70

So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do ;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.

Can

Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.

75

There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

80

To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.

“Harley, the nation's great support,”—
But you may read it, I stop short.

B O O K II.

S A T I R E VI.

The first Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr.

SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I 'VE often wish'd that I had clear

For life, six hundred pounds a year,

A handsome house to lodge a friend,

A river at my garden's end,

A terras-walk, and half a rood

Of land, set out to plant a wood.

5

Well, now I have all this and more,

I ask not to encrease my store ;

' But here a grievance seems to lie,

' All this is mine but till I die ;

10

' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,

' To me and to my heirs for ever.

' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,

' By any trick, or any fault ;

' And if I pray by reason's rules,

15

' And not like forty other fools :

' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker !

" To grant me this and t'other acre :

" Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,

" Direct my plow to find a treasure :"

' But.

‘ But only what my station fits,
‘ And to be kept in my right wits,
‘ Preserve, Almighty Providence !
‘ Just what you gave me, Competence :
‘ And let me in these shades compose 25
‘ Something in verse as true as prose ;
‘ Remov’d from all th’ ambitious scene,
‘ Nor puff’d by pride, nor sunk by spleen.’

In short, I’m perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent ; 30
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
’Tis for the service of the Crown.
“ Lewis, the Dean will be of use, 35
“ Send for him up, take no excuse.”
The toil, the danger of the seas ;
Great ministers ne’er think of these ;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money’s found. 40
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne’er consider’d yet.

“ Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
“ Let my Lord know you’re come to town.”
I hurry me in haste away, 45
Not thinking it is Levee-day ;
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm’d by a triple circle round,

Chequer’d

Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green :

How should I thrust myself between ?

50

Some wag observes me thus perplext,

And smiling, whispers to the next,

" I thought the Dean had been too proud,

" To jostle here among a croud."

Another in a surly fit,

55

Tells me I have more zeal than wit,

" So eager to express your love,

" You ne'er consider whom you shove,

" But rudely press before a Duke."

I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,

60

And take it kindly meant to show

What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw :

When twenty fools I never saw

Come with petitions fairly penn'd,

65

Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his case —

That, begs my int'rest for a place —

A hundred other men's affairs,

Like bees, are humming in my ears.

70

" To-morrow my appeal comes on,

" Without your help the cause is gone" —

The Duke expects my Lord and you,

About some great affair, at Two —

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,

75

" To get my warrant quickly sign'd :

" Consider

" Consider 'tis my first request."—

Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best :—

Then presently he falls to teaze,

" You may for certain, if you please ;

80

" I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—

" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,

(October next it will be four)

Since HARLEY bid me first attend,

85

And chose me for an humble friend ;

Would take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that ;

As, " What's o'clock ?" And, " How's the wind ?"

" Who's chariot's that we left behind ?"

90

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs ;

Or, " Have you nothing new to-day

" From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay ?"

Such tattle often entertains

95

My Lord and me as far as Stains,

As once a week we travel down

To Windsor, and again to town,

Where all that passes, *inter nos*,

Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

100

Yet some I know with envy swell,

Because they see me us'd so well :

" How think you of our friend the Dean ?

" I wonder what some people mean ;

“ My Lord and he are grown so great,
 “ Always together, *tête à tête*.
 “ What, they admire him for his jokes—
 “ See but the fortune of some folks !”

105

There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at court ;
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

110

“ You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great ;
 “ Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat ?
 “ Or do the prints and papers lie ?”
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

115

“ Ah Doctor, how you love to jest ?
 “ 'Tis now no secret”—I protest
 'Tis one to me—“ Then tell us, pray,
 “ When are the troops to have their pay ?”

120

And, tho' I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
 They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
 My choicest hours of life are lost ;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 Oh, could I see my country seat !
 There leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,

125

130

And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine?

Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below, 135
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,

The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum :
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please, 140
And ev'n the very dogs at ease!

Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the houses : 145
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn :

Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser ?
Whether we ought to chuse our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends ? 150
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all ?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos* :
Name a town life, and in a trice, 155
He had a story of two mice.

Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,

Receiv'd

Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord. 160
 A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean) 165
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean ;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
 Yet, to his guest, tho' no way sparing,
 He eat himself the rind and paring. 170
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit :
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.
 " But Lord, my friend, this savage scene ! 175
 " For God's sake, come, and live with men :
 " Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 " Both small and great, both you and I :
 " Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 " (This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court.)" 180
 The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn ;
 ('Twas on the night of a debate, 185
 When all their Lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might shew it ;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls ; 190
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grotresco roofs, and stucco floors :
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red ; 195
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sate, *tête à tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
 “ *Que ça est bon ! Ah goûter ça !*
 “ That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
 “ Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.”
 Was ever such a happy swain ?
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205
 “ I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
 “ To eat so much—but all's so good.
 “ I have a thousand thanks to give—
 “ My Lord alone knows how to live.”
 No sooner said, but from the hall 210
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all :
 “ A rat ! a rat ! clap to the door”—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for

O for the heart of Homer's mice,

Or gods to save them in a trice!

215

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)

"An't please your Honour," quoth the peasant,

"This same dessert is not so pleasant:

"Give me again my hollow tree,

"A crust of bread and liberty!"



B O O K IV.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?

Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest?

I am not now, alas! the man

As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.

Ah sound no more thy soft alarms, 5

Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.

Mother too fierce of dear desires!

Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.

To *Number five* direct your doves,

There spread round MURRAY all your blooming
loves; 10

Noble and young, who strikes the heart

With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;

Equal, the injur'd to defend,

To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.

He,

VER. 9. *Number five,*] The number of Murray's lodgings in King's Bench Walks.

He, with a hundred arts refin'd, 15
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind :
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face : 20
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres 25
Shall call the smiling loves, and young desires ;
There, ev'ry grace and muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day. 30
With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ;
For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu ! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still believing, still-renew'd desire ;
Adieu ! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul ! 35
But why ? ah tell me, ah too dear !
Steals down my cheek, th' involuntary tear ?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ? 40
Thee, drest in fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through th' extended dream ;
Now

Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,

And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;

And swiftly shoot along the Mall,

Or softly glide by the canal,

Now shown by Cinthia's silver ray,

And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE

OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song ;

Tho' daring Milton sits sublime, 5
In Spenser native muses play ;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay —

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd ; 10
Those rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And These, new heav'ns and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !

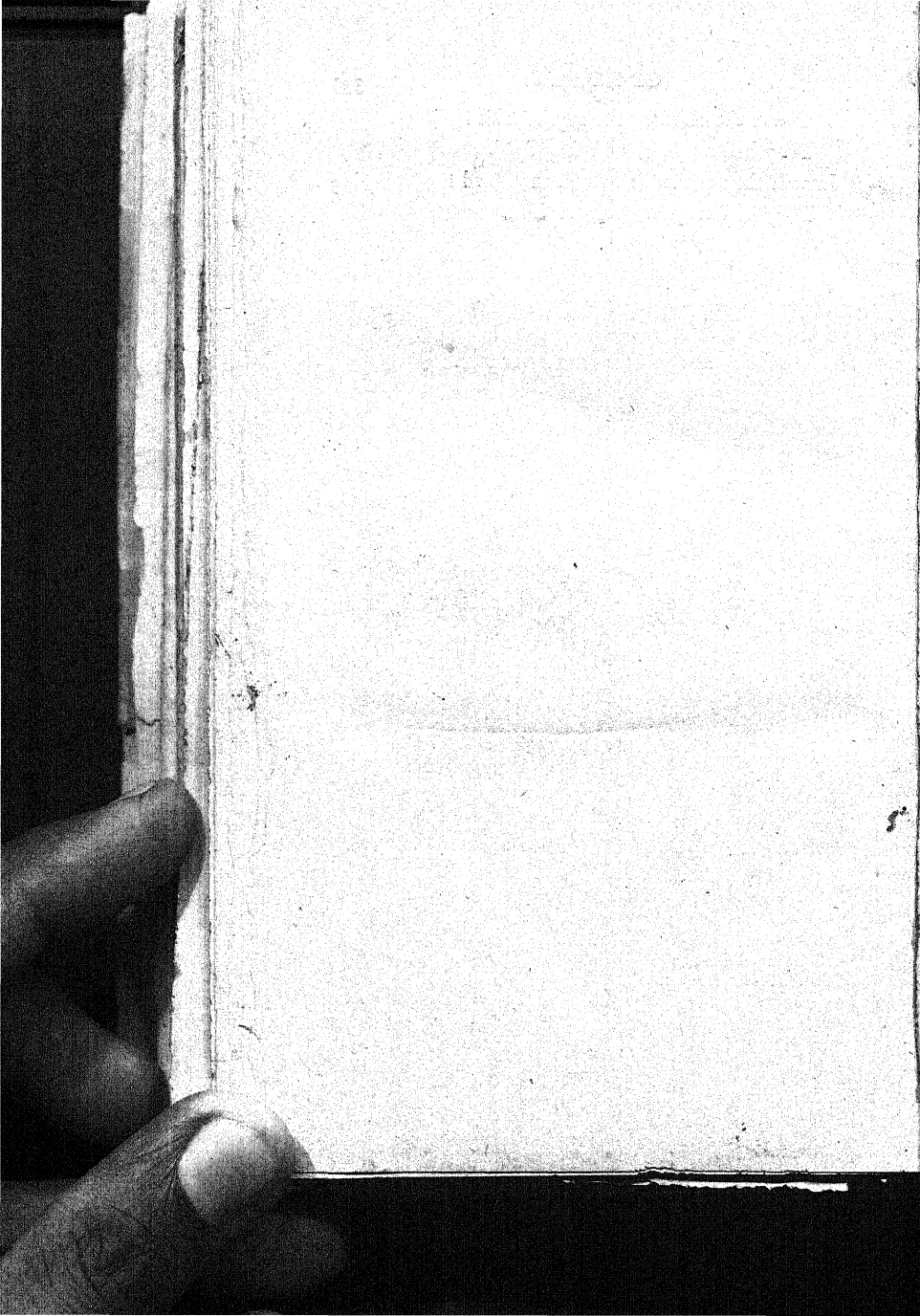
They had no poet, and they dy'd.

In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled !

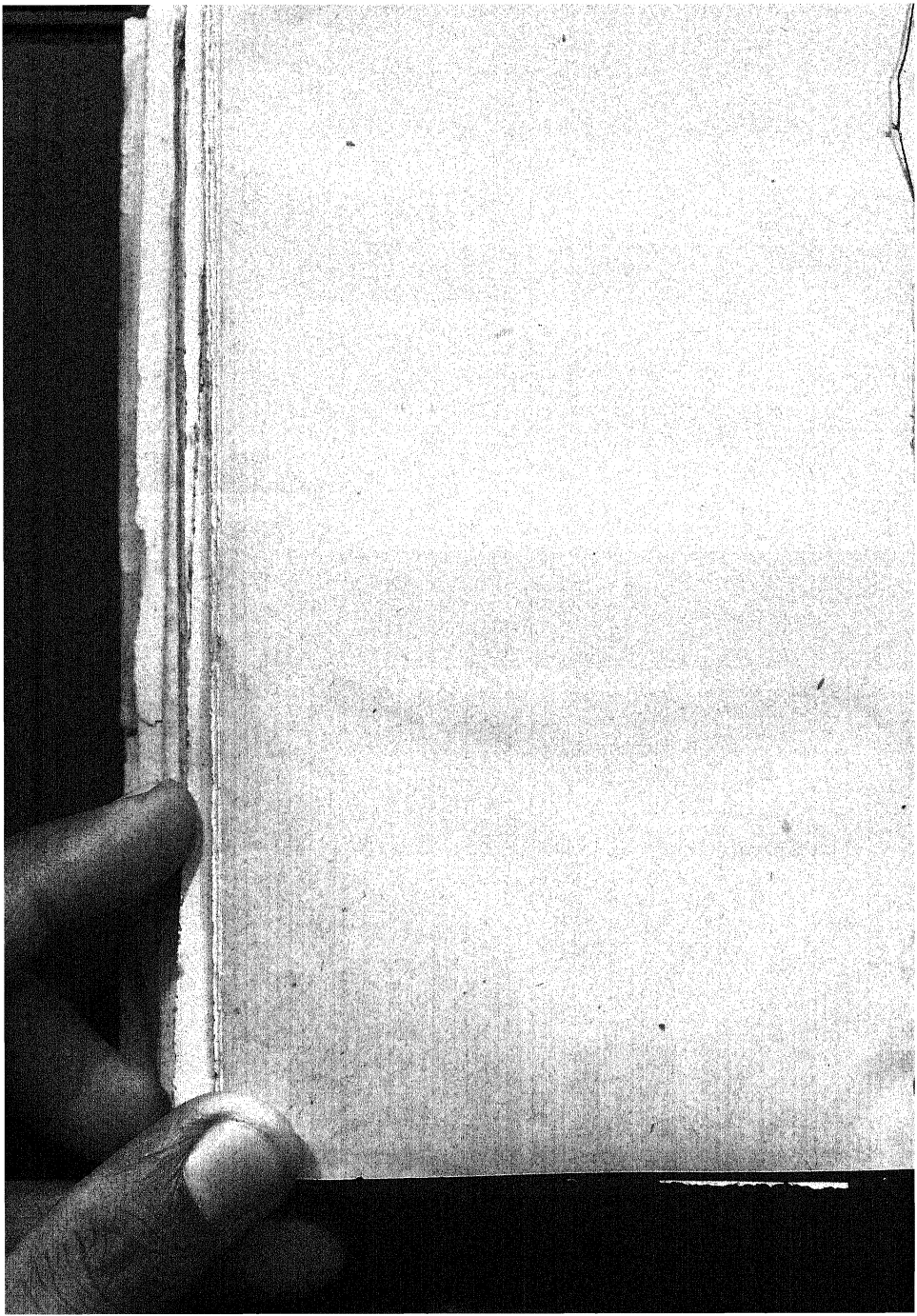
15

They had no poet, and are dead.

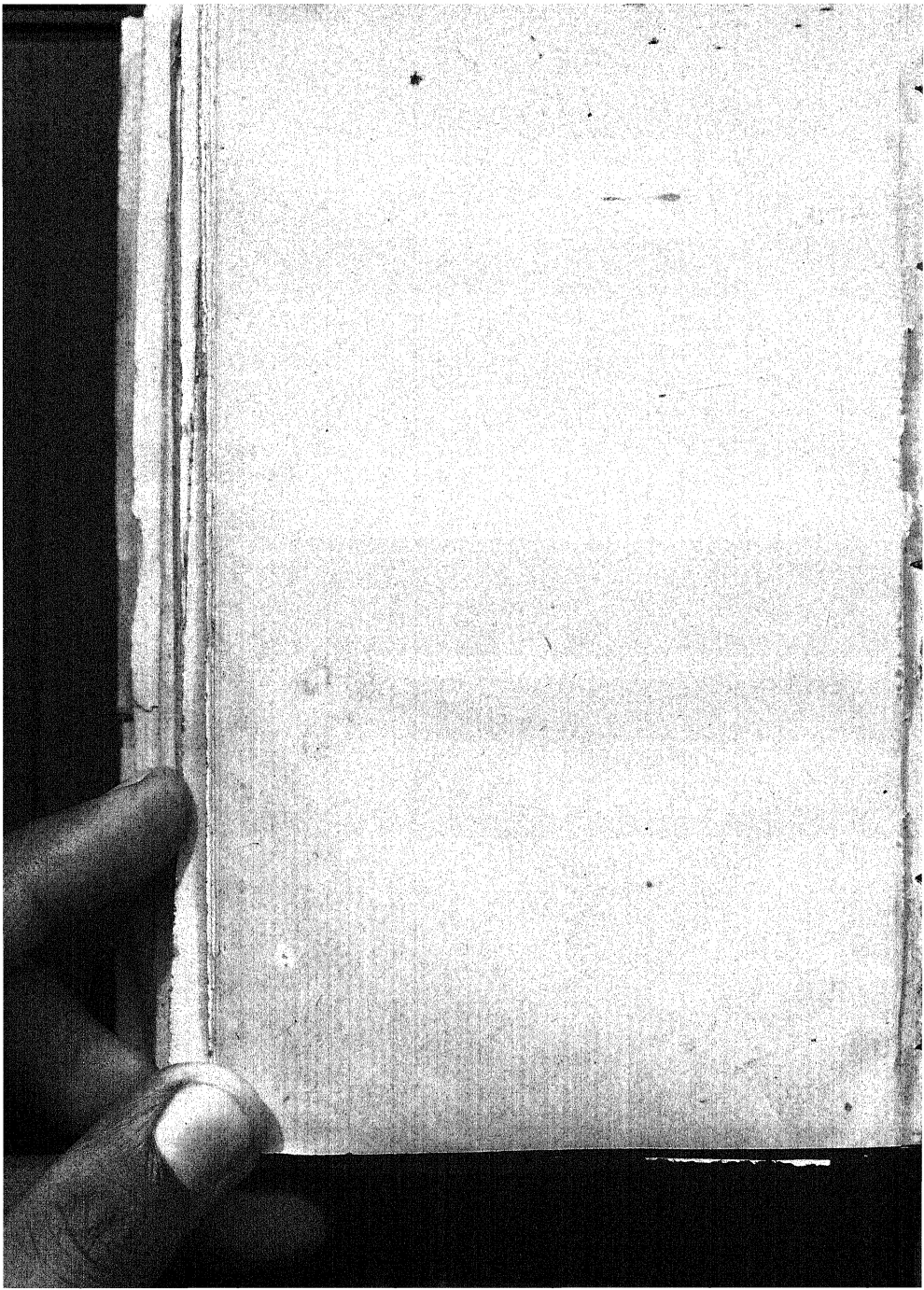
END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



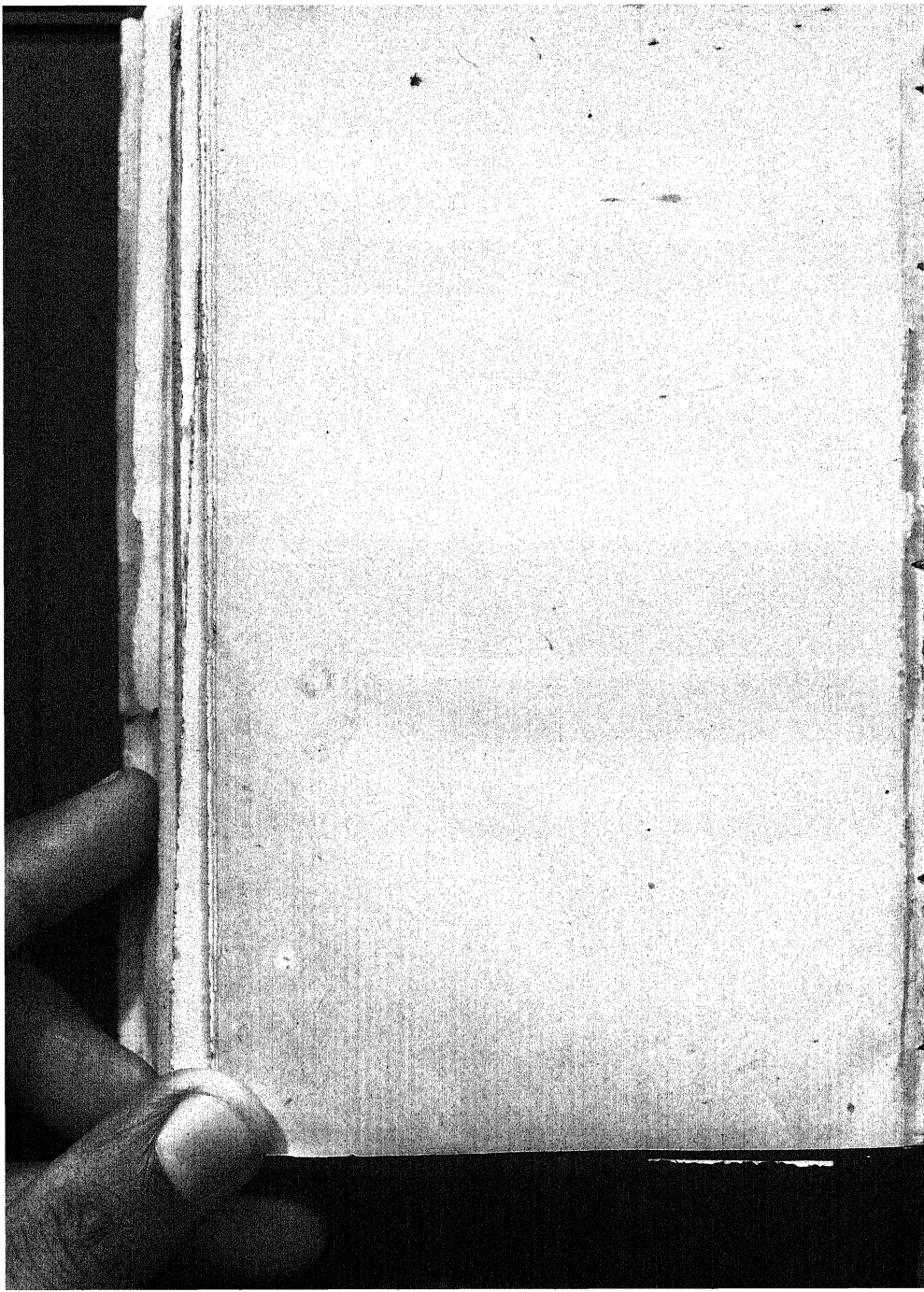




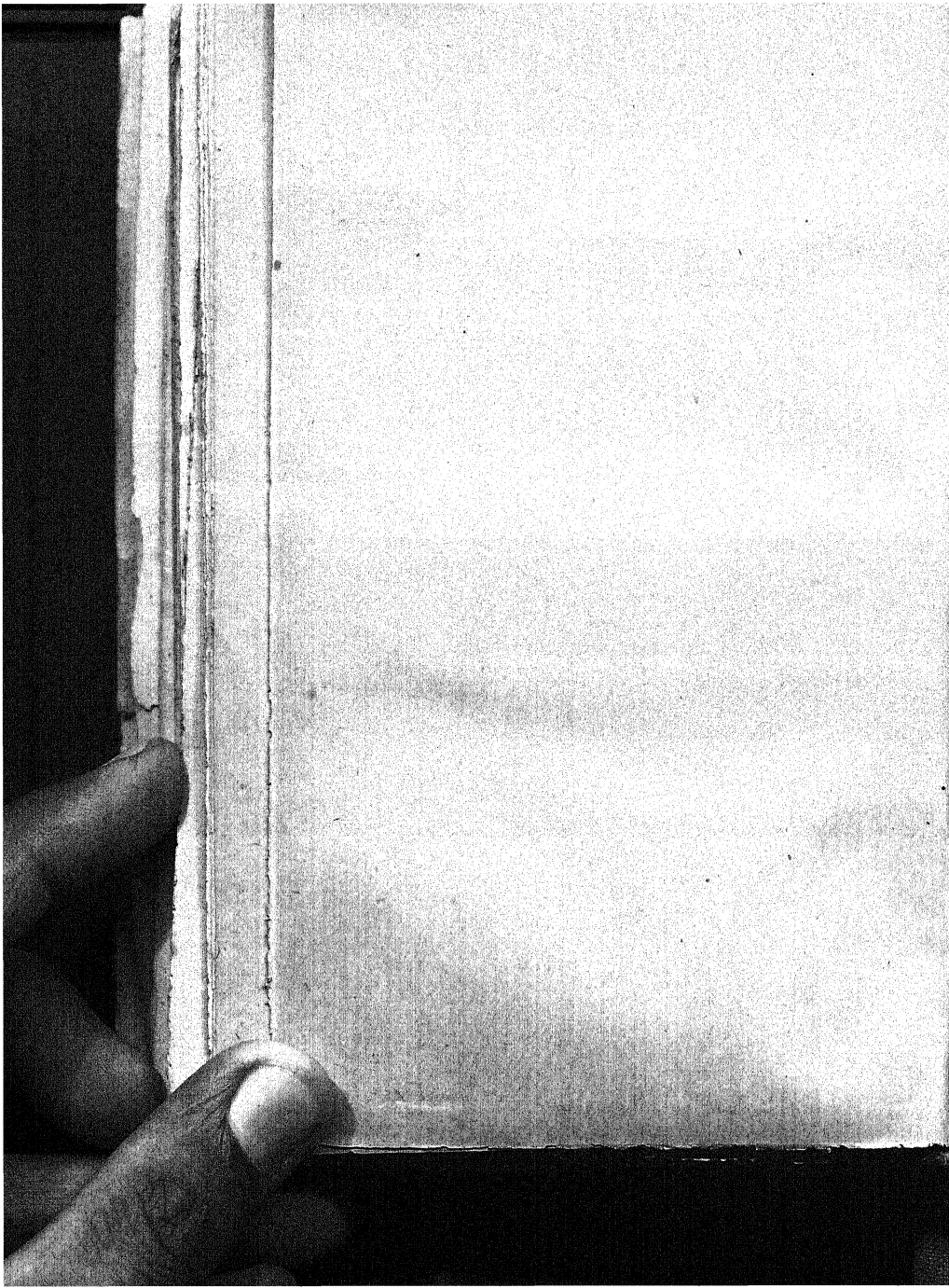


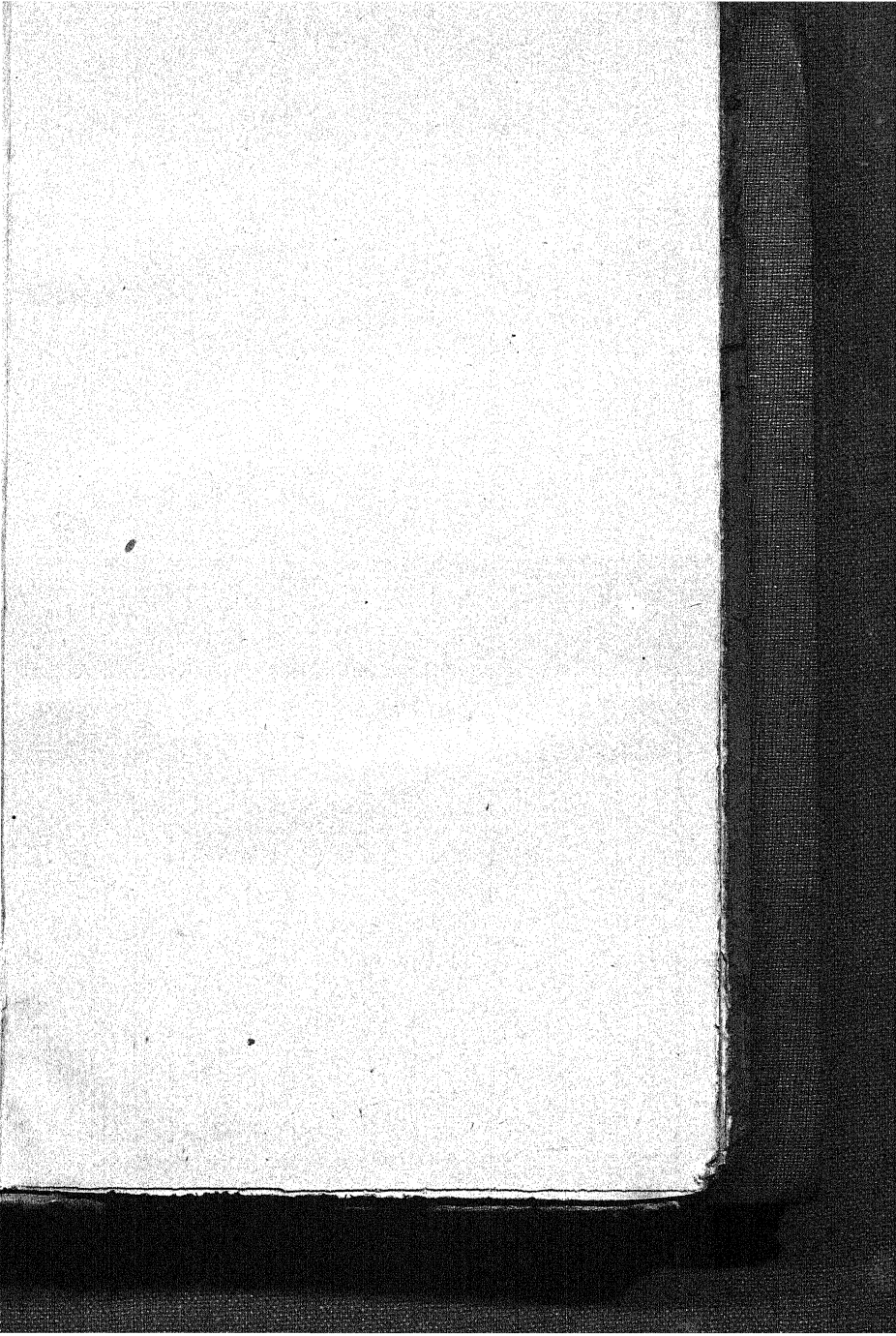
















P R E F A C E

TO THE

WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

IT is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets, Shakespear must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design which, though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot, however, but mention some of his principal and characteristick excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramattick writers. Not that

this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakespear. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespear was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespear is as much an individual, as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide or guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection, find the passion so just, that

we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command? that he is not more a master of the *great* than the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be owned, that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the *populace*,

and its success more immediately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakespear, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings, than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies have their scene among *tradesmen*, and *mechanicks*: and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories*, or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprize* and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents; the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression; the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject: his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonson getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grews*, *Chorus*, etc. to remove the prejudices, and inform the

judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients : their tragedies were only histories in dialogue ; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge, therefore, of Shakespear by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people* ; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them : without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them ; without that knowledge of the best of models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them : in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality : some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant, from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the pre-

sent humour, and complying with the wit in fashion ; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespear, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences ; as the comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ ; the *History of Henry VI.* which was first published under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster* ; and that of *Henry V.* extremely improved ; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them ; the most are such as are not properly defects ; but superfoetations ; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging : or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, etc. if these are not to be ascribed to the aforesaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned, (to be obliged to

please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company,) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: there is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rights, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Caesar*, not only the spirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes; it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as

extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakespear. We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton): he appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them.) The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was; (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those that have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said, on the one hand, that Shakespear had none at all; and because Shakespear had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted, on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakespear borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed every thing. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespear wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot.

Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason:

Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged by Shakespear. And after his death, that author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespear*, which shews as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot, for my own part, find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he loved the man

as well as honoured his memory ; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper ; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Jonson might indeed be sparing in his commendations, (though certainly he is not so in this instance,) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets ; and that their heads at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakespear's want of learning ; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines almost in every page ; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches solus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling ; their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root : it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin ; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had

not so much as read any history, in any language: so could not be Shakespear's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say, that not Shakespear only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other; which I should fancy was occasioned by their being

20
171

taken from different copies, belonging to different playhouses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were first collected) was published by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added since those quartos, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to their playhouse, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors' names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.